*Gavin Stamp*
**On Tom Wolfe**

*Stephen Miller*
**On Saul Bellow**

# THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 15 APRIL 1982 NO. 4

## Benno Weiser Varon: South African Winter

## Stephen B. Young: Good Government in Hanoi

## Arch Puddington, Adrian Karatnycky, Jerzy Milewski, Colin Welch . . .

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A MONTHLY REVIEW
EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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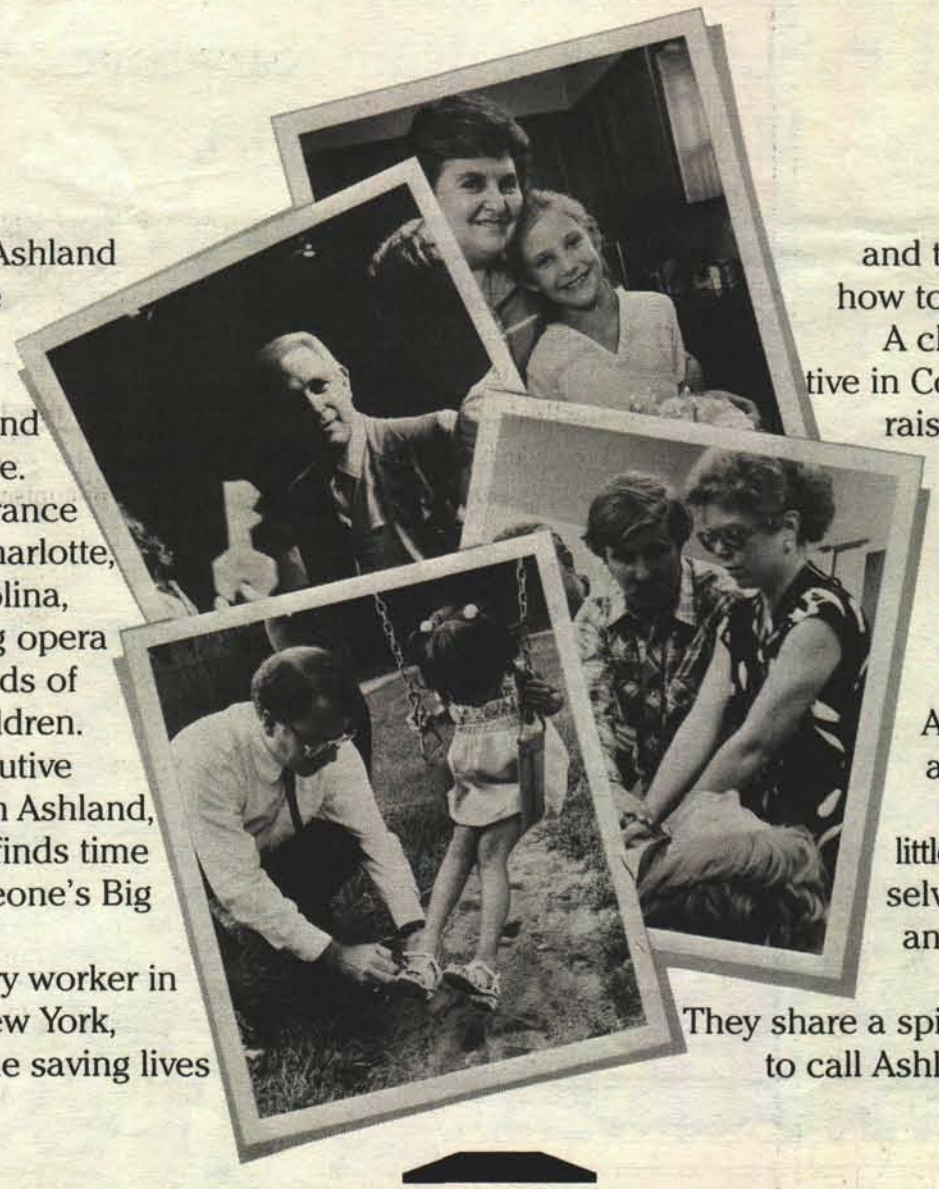

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# EDITORIAL

## . . . AND THE U.N. OUT OF THE U.S.

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Last month the buffoonery that passes for statecraft at the United Nations made New York's Mayor Edward Koch mad. Now the mayor can be an amusing fellow, but when irked—and irked for good reason—he can be a genius. Heated to the boiling point by another of the United Nations' hallucinogenic resolutions, the mayor set out to make editorial changes on a city-owned wall across the street from the Noble Experiment. Then he invited the UN to depart New York.

The wall now bears an inscription from the Prophet Isaiah frequently heard during the UN's winsome youth, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares . . ." Noting the UN as it is now in its years of seedy dissipation, the mayor would like to add references to "hypocrisy, immorality, and cowardice"; he has pored over the Bible to find a suitable passage.

A sonority about beating swords into plowshares might have had some vague relevance to the UN's activities in the 1950s when empires were being broken up, embryonic nations established, and conflicts arbitrated somewhat successfully. Unfortunately, the UN's days of decency have passed.

Swords are not being transformed, rather they are being modernized. There are missiles and satellites. There is that stupendous terrorism network that Claire Sterling talks about in her recent book. And there are those ghastly biological and chemical weapons, developed by the Soviets in violation of the 1925 Geneva Protocol on gas warfare and the 1972 Biological Weapons convention. These weapons are now being used by the Soviets and their clients in Afghanistan and Southeast Asia.

On these momentous matters the UN remains quiescent. Instead it is devoted to three great goals: embarrassing the United States, delegitimating Israel, and working some kind of exorcism on South Africa. This is the appalling condition of the Noble Experiment three decades after its birth in the ruins of World War II. Fetched by visions of macabre spectacle, last month, I decided to see the place for myself.

In the UN's most recent act of infamy 86 nations—among them Libya, Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Laos, Vietnam, and the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic—had voted another hate-Israel resolution. This one urged all the nations of the world to isolate Israel for its annexation of the Golan Heights. Moreover, by declaring that Israel "is not a peace-loving nation" the resolution established grounds for Israel's expulsion. It also singled out the United States specifically for abuse. Imagine, the aforementioned nations passing judgment on Israel's credentials as a peace-loving nation! This, I had to see.

Accompanied by Kenneth Adelman, our jovial and unusually learned deputy permanent representative, I strolled through the softly lit halls, peeked into sleepy conference rooms, marvelled at the talents of two hard-pressed bartenders as they attempted to quench the prodigious thirsts of the giants of world statecraft during their mid-afternoon happy hour. The interior of the UN puts one in mind of the urban campus of some third-rate state university: There are posters booming the current good causes (the PLO and SWAPO), seminar rooms sparsely attended, and what appear to be overaged foreign students loafing in the slightly grimy hallways. All acknowledged Ambassador Adelman with various degrees of obsequiousness. All would delight in stopping to bend his ear. If he knew more than one-fifth of the waving, bowing statesmen I should be surprised. American diplomats here are treated as the grand patrons, and so they are.

The United States pays some one billion dollars of the UN's budget, and is condignly reviled for its many kindnesses. Our interests are ambushed . Our allies, when in need, ostracized and frustrated. For my part I care not a snort for South Africa, but Israel merely tries to survive in a sea of hostile and unreasoning instability. Were Israel to disappear tomorrow as many UN members wish it would, the hatreds of the Middle East would continue: Arab against Arab, Muslim against Muslim. To blame Israel or the United States for these troubles is surrealistic.

Mayor Koch is in good form. The UN ought to pack up and depart. This forum of "peace-loving nations" has become a forum of hate and a source of mischief. The United States ought not to be its host. Let the UN move its headquarters to progressive Moscow; our FBI would be much relieved. And if, as the UN leadership implied last week, the General Assembly is such a boon to its host city, let them move to a needy Third World city: for instance, beautiful Bamako, Mali, or Ouagadougou, Upper Volta. In such metropolises the world statesmen would have a lot more time to meditate on American hellishness, and they would grow more svelte and upright. □

*Adapted from RET's weekly* Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



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## SENATOR WILLIAMS FIGHTS BACK

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

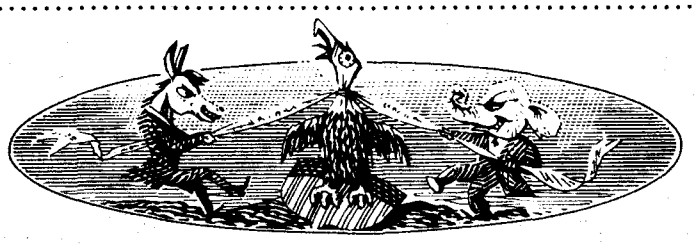
Despite our admittedly flyblown canons of dignity and good sense, the jig is not yet up for Senator Harrison Arlington Williams, Jr. In October 1980 he was indicted on bribery and conspiracy charges. Last May he was convicted. Now Judge George Pratt has sentenced him to three years in the hoosegow (he could have gotten 15) and imposed a $50,000 fine. Still he remains the senior senator from the great state of New Jersey, and why should he not? He protests that he is innocent. He insists that he was set up; most of his colleagues would act no differently if lured into such sinful circumstances. I, for one, believe him.

Still, he did commit felonies. What keeps his colleagues from expelling him? The Senate Ethics Committee last August 24 voted to expel the Hon. gentleman. Somehow the charnel proceedings have been delayed five times since then. Now his case will not go to the floor until March 3. Some say the senator, now convicted and sentenced, should resign on his own. They ignore the momentous fact that the senator protests that he is innocent. In this era of juridical glory, why should an innocent man resign? Doing so would jeopardize his case and leave him lonely.

After all, quite possibly he is innocent. True, anyone who wished to watch the evening news last spring could have seen him on film suavely convincing a simulated sheik of his power to bend laws in his bare hands, but in this great day being caught *flagrante delicto* is no proof of anything. We Americans have, of late, seen a lot of suspicious behavior on the tube. Just last March we saw a young man ambush the President and three other men. Yet the

(*continued on page 39*)

# C A P I T O L  I D E A S



## OCCASIONAL ECONOMICS

by Tom Bethell

Class will come to order for today's lecture in our "Occasional Economics" series. Subject: monetary and fiscal policy. In case you have already fallen asleep, monetary policy is the government's method of creating the money that you may or may not have in your pocket or bank account; fiscal policy is the government's method of taking it back again. This it does by promising to return the money once more to some specially selected pockets: those that are organized into groups able to use effective lobbying tactics before Congress (e.g., "welfare" groups, represented by The Washington Post Co., and so on).

The main instrument of fiscal policy is taxation, whereby the government interposes its hand between two people engaged in a voluntary transaction, threatening to send either or both to jail if they do not hand over a percentage of that transaction to the government official. Policemen are standing by in the background, ready to enforce this threat if the government's demand is not meekly complied with. This overall arrangement is called the "welfare state," although the "police state" is perhaps more accurate.

People are supposed to add up the total number of transactions and exchanges they make in any given year, and from each additional exchange, the government demands a larger and larger slice. For example, if you are unmarried and your transactions to date are valued at $41,500, then you must hand over half of the value of each additional exchange to the U.S. government. In addition, if you live in the District of Columbia, you must then give about ten percent of each transaction to the local government, and another chunk to "social security," this latter imposition deriving from the assumption that you are too improvident to save for your own retirement and thus must be compelled to do so under the threat of imprisonment. The money that you are compelled to save is then taken from you and given to someone who has recently retired.

The end result of all these compulsory expropriations by government is that a single person in D.C. with $20,000 of taxable income is in the 48.5 percent marginal tax bracket. That is, if he makes an additional dollar over and above the $20,000, he must give 48 and a half pennies of that dollar to the local and federal governments.

*Tom Bethell,* The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent, holds the DeWitt Wallace Chair in Communications at the American Enterprise Institute.*

Supply-siders are people who believe that such levels of taxation, unprecedented in American history, reflect a considerable measure of greed on the part of government officials of every description, and discourage people from engaging in voluntary exchange beyond a certain point. Instead, they will stay home and watch television, go jogging, write novels, or even, it is sometimes alleged (although one can scarcely credit such things' happening in a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal), *actually exchange things among themselves without advising government agents that they are so occupied!*

In November 1980, the American people elected a new President, Ronald Reagan, who was said to be cognizant of all these problems, and who did indeed set about the task of reducing those very high tax rates on income. For a goodly portion of 1981 he grappled with Congress, a bicameral body of 535 men and women dedicated to the proposition that spending other people's money is both fun and helpful at reelection time. They were understandably reluctant at first to loosen their grip on the national income. But by 1981, sufficient of them were persuaded (or so it seemed) by the argument that

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they were grasping for such a large percentage of each transaction in the economy that the number of transactions was in danger of diminishing, or at least becoming invisible to the federal police. So they did agree to a small relaxation of their bulldog grip on your billfold and mine; Ronald Reagan signed the 1981 Economic Recovery Tax Act, and newsreader Dan Rather, newsspeaker Leslie Stahl, and the entire editorial staff of the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* put on war paint and went into a hopping-and-jumping war dance about the "uncompassionate" and "uncaring" nature of our society.

As was pointed out by Warren Brookes, one of the small handful of journalists in the country not wearing war paint and jumping up and down in unison, this made no sense at all bearing in mind that under John F. Kennedy in 1962, 47.8 percent of the budget had gone to defense, and only 25.1 percent to "human resources"; whereas under the noncompassionate Reagan in 1982, 26.2 percent of the budget went to defense and 53.2 percent to "human resources." But don't expect people who are jumping up and down shaking spears to take notice of complicated things like percentages. There's really no accounting for tribal behavior, but in the case of the *Washington* journalists there was at least the extenuating circumstance that not a few had real estate investments in the nation's capital and so they were in real danger of being "hurt by the Reagan budget cuts," which would translate into less money sent to Washington, less bureaucrats needed there to spend it, less demand for housing, and so on; but in the case of the *New York* journalists there was no excuse *whatsoever*. Pure ideology was the only conceivable motive!

Of course, the news media war-dance team didn't even notice when the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia published an article in its *Business Review* entitled "Did The Tax Cut Really Cut Taxes?" by Stephen A. Meyer and Robert J. Rossana. This article, published in the November/December 1981 issue, evidently contained some "mechanical errors in converting total income into taxable income," and so had to be amended in "A Further Note" published in the January/February issue.

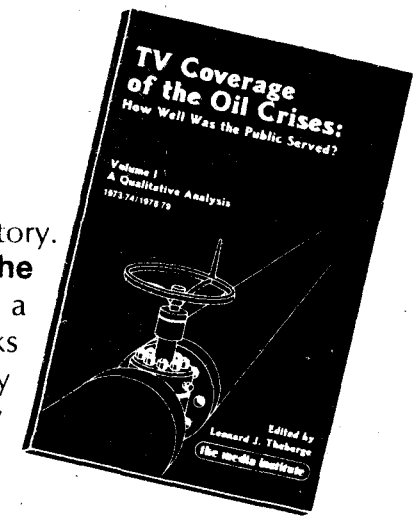
"The overall conclusions of the original article largely remain," the authors wrote. "Although the 1981 tax cut ensures that tax rates in 1983 will be lower than they would otherwise have been, tax rates in 1983 will be the same as or higher than they were in 1980, with few exceptions. Bracket creep and higher social security taxes will offset the 25 percent reduction in personal income tax rates for families in a majority of brackets."

One of the great confusions arises because many people believe that the alleged ten percent rate reductions in 1982 and 1983 will result in the top rate on earned income (50 percent) dropping first to 45 percent and then to (about) 40 percent. But that is not the way the law came out. The top rate remains 50 percent, *taking effect at a higher income threshold*. Since we have a "progressive" income tax code, it follows that any such tax-rate reduction is at the mercy of inflation. If there is enough inflation between 1981 and the end of 1983, the "tax cut," so-called, will be effectively destroyed by bracket creep—movement up the schedule of brackets as earners are paid nominally greater amounts to compensate for inflation. In postponing the alleged income tax rate reductions to 1982 and 1983, *no allowance was made in the bill for intervening inflation.*

(*continued on page 39*)


# If you felt you weren't getting the full story about the oil crises in 1973 and 1979 . . .

# You were right.




If you relied on television news, you only got part of the story. **TV Coverage of the Oil Crises: How Well Was the Public Served?** is landmark study by The Media Institute, a Washington-based research organization. It finds the networks virtually ignored the role of economic forces such as supply and demand in reporting the crises. It also finds the majority of oil crisis stories were based on government sources. And that network news tended to portray government intervention not as a cause of, but as a solution to the crises.

Media Institute researchers viewed over 1,400 oil stories broadcast in 1973-74 and 1978-79. Their findings, plus a commentary by economist Thomas W. Hazlett, are being published in three volumes beginning in March 1982. The three-volume study raises disturbing questions about television's conception of economic forces – and TV's objectivity in reporting them.

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# THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• February, and those horripilations on Capitol Hill induced by the President's budget have now spread to both sides of the aisle, leaving many of the distinguished gentlemen reaching for their jars of Afro Sheen. The Republicans screech that this $91.5 billion deficit is lewd and irresponsible—not only are ankle and calf exposed but also fleshy thigh and the first foothills of a steatopygic buttock. These Republicans are a chaste and tedious lot. They would end a recession with a tax increase.

• Turn instead to the loyal cronies of the Honorable Tip. Here is drama. They oppose spending cuts, but they also utter imprecations against the deficit. They favor money jingling in the pockets of the lowly American, but they also favor raising taxes. They scowl at inflation, but inflationary policies are their solution. For sheer transparent demogoguery, for mountebankery that wheezes and sneers and grabs at old ladies' purses, give me the party of Boss O'Neill any day.

• This past month the Democrats beheld the President's weight-reduction program for their milch-cow state, and they prophesied starvation in the streets and general strike. Then they brought forth a scholarly disquisition containing the shocking revelation that under the Reagan budget the poor will lose more federal monies than the rich. Is this just? Is it wise? Apparently the ideal welfare state would succor the rich as generously as the poor. Yet as the February farces continued to glow in absurdity, the Great Communicator remained mum, surrounded by assistant presidents who apparently find the economic stoneheads on Capitol Hill very persuasive in their gibbering: Raise taxes to end recession, allow entitlements to grow whether the economy grows or not, step on a crack and you break your mother's back.

• Amnesty International, Inc. will not be scotched as it bravely struggles against tyranny Left and Right. Last month it began a worldwide campaign to save those 924 felons that its agents have detected in America's death rows. Nor did it reserve its reproaches for the Colossus of the North. It also reported that the Rev. Khomeini's sacred executioners have passed the 4,000-mark, surpassing the Shah's boys by as much as ten to one. In other church news, our Bombay correspondent reports that an Indian woman had her lips slashed and her husband was blinded when Muslim pietists got wind that the couple had been making covert runs to a nearby cinema. In the small Bavarian town of Neutraubling, a post office team equipped with sophisticated electronic devices continues to lay traps for a ghost named "Chopper." The ghost has been haranguing a local dentist, Dr. Kurt Bachseitz, from the dentist's washbasin and declaring his undying love for Dr. Bachseitz's comely 17-year-old assistant, a Lutheran. Mother Madalyn Murray O'Hair has been denied permission to hold an atheistic service in Arlington National Cemetery for the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, a Civil War infidel whose soul is in desperate shape, requiring her inane orisons and possibly even holy water. Finally, from Simsbury, Connecticut comes word that the Rev. Ella-Jean Streetor, 62, and her "housemate," Miss Evelyn H. Faford, have been found dead in adjoining twin beds at their home in an affluent Hartford suburb. The pioneering Presbyterian clergywoman shot Miss Faford in the head upon learning of Miss Faford's plans to move. Then the Rev. Streetor turned the gun on herself so that they could be "together forever." The suicide-murder is another first for the crusading feminist, though, alas, it will probably be her last. She will be missed.

• "Is Harvey Milk the gay Elvis?" That is the question now being asked in San Francisco about that city's slain supervisor. The *San Francisco Examiner*'s columnist Mr. Bill Mandel raised it in a poignant column on February 19 after Mr. Mandel had toured a display of Milk memorabilia called simply "The Life and Times of Harvey Milk." The display included Mr. Milk's ponytail, shed by him after his 1973 election defeat, his sixth-grade graduation certificate, a note from the Rev. Jim Jones and all the faithful of People's Temple, an amyl nitrate inhaler, and that interesting bag that he used for carrying his personal sex paraphernalia to homosexual bath houses. According to Mr. Mandel, "the Milk memorabilia put me in mind of European cathedrals' reliquaries, shrines to long dead saints." Yet the deeper questions that trouble us about this unique individual remain unanswered, in particular: Was his name really Milk?

• The *New Haven Register* reports that Bernardine Dohrn successfully finished teaching her law course at Quinnipiac College. Miss Dohrn is the former fugitive who ebulliently reported the murder of Sharon Tate to her radical colleagues by saying, "Dig it, first they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach." Her course in Quinnipiac's adult degree program was called "Women and the Law." She remains an advanced outpost of the caring society. On February 16, the Hon. Harrison A. Williams, the son of a New Jersey coffin maker who rose to become one of the Senate's most prolific authors of reform legislation, was sentenced for personally practicing much of the public wisdom of liberal politics, namely: bribery and conspiracy. On February 27, Mr. Wayne Williams (no relation) was convicted of two of the so-called Atlanta murders. No sooner had he been sentenced to two consecutive life terms than a "non-profit" organization headed by Deputy Sheriff T. H. Connally began merchanting a Wayne Williams T-shirt—a new low in American low taste, that.

• Italian *polizia* succeeded in springing Brigadier General James L. Dozier from a Red Brigades People's Prison where the general was forced to listen to rock music until he developed a ringing in his ears similar to the Rev. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's. General Motors reported its smallest profit in recent years, and the other American automobile makers reported no profit at all—yet the American Left remains gloomy. Actually, corporate profits were down in almost every industry, yet still, the Left is in the mulligrubs. Why no rejoicing? What gives? For decades the left-wingers have been sputtering over corporate profits. Now is their time to celebrate.

• Mr. Mikhail A. Suslov, the Soviet chief ideologist, died of natural causes, and back in the United States Mr. John LaRoche, Mr. Al Capone's barber, celebrated his 102nd birthday by blowing out his birthday cake's candles with a hair dryer. From Sao Paulo, Brazil comes word that the remains of Mr. Adam Weller have been found deep in the Brazilian rain forest. Apparently Mr. Weller chained himself to a tree marked for cutting by a logging concern and was unable to free himself once it became evident that the loggers had set out in a different direction.

• In this nation of laws the courts are not to be thwarted. They continue their debauches in good times and in bad. In Oakland, California, Municipal Court Judge James S. White released a convicted police killer without bail after the killer, Robert Earl Simmons, was arrested as he attempted to pull a concealed gun on police. Several hours later, he was arrested again when another gun was found in his car, but again he was released, this time at the insistence of local activist lawyer, Miss Beth Meador, who testified that Mr. Simmons is a "nonviolent person." Yet even the courts are suffering from The New Sobriety. In San Francisco, Superior Court Judge Richard P. Figone barred San Francisco policeman George LaBrash's claim to an $18,000 disability payment. Officer LaBrash suffered a stroke almost two years ago, which he attributes to the curse of King Tut, the Egyptian king whose body Mr. LaBrash was guarding. Surely a progressive society would grant him that claim.

*—RET*



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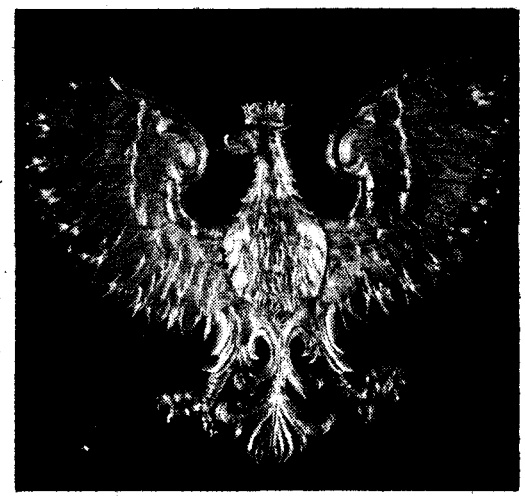
Arch Puddington

# THE POLISH EXAMPLE

## Communism's ongoing war against humanity.

"Communism," Leszek Kolakowski has written, "would be such a splendid idea if only there were no people." This bitter observation is particularly appropriate in the case of Kolakowski's native Poland, a Communist country where, a 1980 poll informs us, about two percent of the population would vote Communist in a free election. Since somewhere between five and ten percent of adult Poles are Communist Party members, these figures suggest that even most Communists would prefer some other form of political arrangement. And no wonder. Communism has been a more thoroughgoing failure in Poland than in any other East European country, and the human costs of maintaining a system in which few prosper and no one believes have been awesome. A brief survey of Communism's Polish victims would include the following: (a) those killed by the Red Army during and immediately after World War II (in the hundreds of thousands, mainly veterans of the anti-Nazi underground); (b) those shipped off to Soviet labor camps during and after the war (again estimated in the hundreds of thousands); (c) those killed by Poland's own Communist-controlled security forces in the immediate postwar period; (d) those jailed on political charges during the 37 years of Communist rule; (e) those workers killed during the protests of 1956 and 1970; (f) the thousands upon thousands who have been denied jobs, promotions, university admissions, the right to publish, exhibit paintings, perform on stage—in other words, all those whose aspirations have been thwarted for no reason other than their political "unreliability"; and, finally, (g) the parents, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and children of the above.*

To this already substantial list we must now add all those who have been killed, interned, imprisoned, or who have lost jobs on political grounds since the imposition of martial law on December 13. The victims of



what one Solidarity member has described as "an occupation by our own army" number upwards of 50,000, with the most recent developments suggesting that there are many more to come. This is because, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, General Jaruzelski has fallen well short of his primary initial objectives: the total destruction of Solidarity and the "normalization" of Polish society through resigned acceptance of the martial law government.

Over the long term, of course, the economy poses the greatest challenge to the new regime (which will probably turn out to be not that much different from the old one), and here Jaruzelski's initial moves point to the truth of a Solidarity leader's comment that "Communism is unreformable." Indeed, the regime has reached back into the Stalinist past in a crude effort to wring more productivity out of the work force. One of the first decrees issued by the ruling military council called for compulsory labor conscription for all unemployed males aged 18 to 45. Thousands of workers, and not merely a handful of shirkers, may be caught up in what can be called, with only slight exaggeration, a form of slave labor.

One reason for labor conscription's potentially widespread application is that the regime has decided to close down many of the most unprofitable enterprises, in the process casting aside the fiction of full employment as a basic right under Communism. More to the point, labor conscription is a useful weapon to wield against Solidarity sympathizers. Throughout Polish society, a procedure known as "ideological verification" is currently underway, meaning that pro-Solidarity workers are being fired or forced to sign humiliating statements of loyalty to the regime as a condition of employment.† Journalistic and academic institutions have been especially hard hit by the ideological minesweep; the staffs of some newspapers have been decimated by the dismissal of the politically "unreliable." Industrial workers are also subject to the verification process. In some cases, entire factories have been shut down to give military and party officials an opportunity to conduct a thorough investigation of workers' backgrounds. The entire work force is then rehired on the basis of perceived political loyalty.

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*Arch Puddington is Executive Director of the League for Industrial Democracy and editor of* Workers Under Communism, *a new journal. This article is based in part on material provided by the Committee in Support of Solidarity, an organization established to disseminate information about developments in Poland and organize support for political prisoners there. Interested readers can reach the Committee at 275 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001.*

*Not every relative of Communism's victims qualifies as a victim himself. To take the most prominent current example, the father of General Jaruzelski is reported to have been executed by the Soviets during World War II; the son's career seems not to have suffered.

†One such declaration of loyalty reads: "Taking into account the fact that, in the course of recent months, many of the executive organs of the free trade union Solidarity have openly spoken out against the constitutional organs of the government and the administration, attempting from a counter-revolutionary standpoint to overthrow the socialist state, I hereby declare my renouncement of my membership in that union."



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The introduction of labor conscription should be kept in mind the next time we hear Deputy Prime Minister Mieczyslaw Rakowski or some other putative party "liberal" pledge that Poland will not be returned to the bad old days of Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy. In fact, Poland in the pre-Solidarity days under Edward Gierek enjoyed rather substantial freedom for a Soviet satellite. Although workers had no free trade union, their collective influence over economic decisions was considerable. An uncensored underground press published everything from labor bulletins to the works of Orwell, Solzhenitsyn, and Milosz. Communist Party influence in the universities was substantially diminished and, of course, the Catholic Church functioned with a degree of independence unprecedented in a Communist society.

All the evidence suggests that the Gierek years may be remembered as a golden era of liberalism compared with what lies ahead under General Jaruzelski. To this regime, normalization means bringing all segments of society under state/party control, with the possible exception of the Catholic Church. Above all else, it requires the resubjugation of the working class, and an end to any vestige of trade union autonomy. Already, a special commission headed by Rakowski has recommended that trade unions be re-established "on the basis of the constitutional principle of the socialist political order" in the Soviet bloc, meaning a return to their previous status as Communist Party fronts.

Other developments reinforce the conclusion that it is the regime's intention to transform Poland along the lines of Husak's Czechoslovakia rather than Kadar's Hungary. A number of prominent party moderates, most notably Tadeusz Fiszbach, party chief in Gdansk, have been purged since December 13, and thousands sympathetic to the Solidarity experiment have turned in their party cards. In Torun, party leaders who last summer launched an abortive campaign for party reform were reportedly among those interned during the coup's first weeks.

Another practice dredged up from the Stalinist era is the use of schoolchildren as informers. Nursery school directors have been asked to inquire discreetly of their students whether, for example, their parents made regular use of a typewriter. The educational system in general has been a prominent object of the regime's attention. The leadership of the Independent Students Association has been jailed, and the organization itself abolished. Military commissars have been assigned to oversee the administration of schools, and the regime, as part of its educational "policy," has called for "ensurance of staffing to guarantee a proper realization of the didactic and educational process," by which they mean the removal of Solidarity sympathizers. University and school curriculum is being readjusted; one certain casualty will be the Polish people's hopes of recapturing their history. Under the new order, there will be no reassessments of who was responsible for the Katyn massacre or reevaluations of the non-Communist Home Army's role in the struggle against Hitler.

The regime's initial success in abolishing Poland's independent culture does not extend to actually convincing people that a better future lies ahead. While the regime presents its most sophisticated face to the West in the person of such functionaries as Rakowski and Wieslaw Gornicki (both of whom have worked in the West), its explanations to its own people of why martial law is necessary are couched in a language that, in Czeslaw Milosz's words, is "subject to the derision of the entire nation." With the party maintaining a low profile, military officers have been dispatched to explain the coup's rationale before schools and other institutions. According to an account smuggled out of Poland, the colonel assigned to a high school in Poznan explained events thus: Solidarity had been plotting a violent seizure of power; tapes had been discovered with messages prepared for broadcast when the overthrow occurred; gallows had already been set up, and lists of party, military, and police officials slated for execution had been drawn up; Lech Walesa "is a leader of below average standard, incapable of making decisions by himself. . . . When he calms down a bit, he will be given a trial and will sit in prison for a while." And when a student posed the obvious question of how the party could continue to lay claim to the "leading role" in society after having kept the facts about the economic crisis from the people for so many years, the colonel responded: "Not everyone has to know everything if he is not a party member."

That the Communists are returning to their bungling ways should in no sense detract from their one signal achievement of the entire postwar era: the coup itself. Even before Solidarity, veterans of the Polish democratic movement held the security forces in disdain. "The Communists can't run anything else so why should they be able to run a police force," was the usual response. As matters have unfolded, it appears that everyone underestimated the capacity of even the most inept totalitarian apparatus to revive the machinery of repression when challenged by its own people. Those who dismissed the point about the distinction between totalitarian and authoritarian systems should take a careful look at what has happened in Poland. No Latin American dictatorship, no matter how ruthless, could have subdued a mass, highly popular workers' movement with the rapidity and thoroughness that marked the Polish military's actions. The reason is simple enough: No one takes the business of social control as seriously as do totalitarians. The challenge of subjugation and regimentation is a full-time, ongoing enterprise for all Communist regimes, and even the most destitute regime devotes an immense amount of scarce resources, creative thinking, and long-range planning to organizing the mechanisms of control. So it was that Poland, with its morally bankrupt and seemingly impotent political leadership, could still mobilize one of the most efficiently executed military operations of recent times. Practically overnight, a modern industrial society was cut off from the outside world and, in a sense, from itself as well; its telecommunications shut down; shortwave radios confiscated; the sale of writing paper and rucksacks prohibited; private automobile travel banned; all but a few reliable newspapers shut down. If the Polish crisis proves anything, it is that for Communists control of the means of production comes second to controlling the levers of social domination.

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For much of the Western Left, crises in the Communist world have seldom been welcome events. There are, however, indications that the attempt to destroy Solidarity is provoking a long overdue re-evaluation of the Soviet Union's global role and even of the fundamental nature of Communism. The most hopeful signs are in France, where the entire non-Communist Left has adopted a forthright position against both the Polish and Soviet regimes, where the "spheres of influence" mentality has come under attack, and where the Mitterrand government's decision to proceed on a business-as-usual course in its commercial dealings with the Soviets has been criticized from within Mitterrand's own Socialist Party. Poland has also provoked the first public rift within the Socialist International since Willy Brandt began positioning the organization as a neutral mediator between the "two superpowers." A number of socialist parties, the French and Italian being the most prominent, publicly rejected a statement issued in the SI's name by Brandt which declared that "strongly worded declarations will not help the people of Poland" and urged "continued cooperation with and assistance for Poland"; a stronger statement, but one which avoided direct reference to the Soviet Union, was eventually adopted. →



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But neither these developments nor the prospect of a final break with the Soviet Union by the Italian and Spanish Communist parties can obscure the reality that the response from most of the Left has been weak, evasive, and occasionally scandalous.‡ The most conspicuous offender has been the European "peace movement," whose organizers have made clear that whatever happens in Poland will have no effect on its direction, goals, or strategy. In other words, the United States will continue to be treated as the world's greatest threat to peace and human rights. As a consequence of this attitude, protests against the martial law in the peace movement's strongholds have drawn pathetically small crowds—10,000 people being considered a success—especially when compared with the huge throngs mobilized for disarmament rallies last fall, including a massive turnout of up to 500,000 in Amsterdam.

It should be noted that the leaders of the peace movement are by and large neither pro-Communist nor unmoved by the repressive nature of Soviet society. Many, in fact, are only too well aware of the Soviet Union's role in discrediting the name of socialism in the West. There are exceptions, of course. For some, the Soviet Union's military might and its demonstrated willingness to employ brute force in the pursuit of its global ambitions represent "the one insurance of [Third World] revolution," in the words of Saul Landau, a fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies' Transnational Institute. Repellent as such views are, they at least have the advantage of intellectual consistency. By contrast, we have the following statement by E.P. Thompson, much revered as the father figure of the Euroneutralist movement, made just prior to the imposition of martial law: "The logic of our movement was moving to a more political phase—challenging the hegemony of the United States in Western Europe and that of the Soviet Union in Eastern Europe. In the east, a movement for freedom, in the west, a movement for peace; let Poland be Poland, let Greece be Greek." We can only assume that the terrible irony in this inane formulation has eluded Professor Thompson and his fellow promoters of peace; the idea of Greece as some sort of American vassal state is as absurd as the notion of the Soviet Union's acceding to Poland's independence.

On the American Left, similar attitudes prevail. After Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Cambodia, the boat people, Afghanistan, the Cuban freedom flotilla, the assorted horrors of Stalinism, and now Poland, the Left clings tenaciously and against all evidence to the view of a world menaced in equal degrees by the Soviet Union and the United States. While there is considerable sympathy for Solidarity, many Leftists are reluctant to take the logical step and embrace an anti-Communist position out of fear of giving nourishment to the forces of reaction, by which they mean the United States. Leftist positions are guided by an unspoken rule: Criticizing the sins of individual Communist regimes is permissible; criticizing Communism as a system is not.

The one prominent radical to have broken ranks with the prevailing wisdom is Susan Sontag. To her everlasting credit, she chose to denounce the Left's refusal to acknowledge Communism's failure *as a system* at a forum where her views were guaranteed to meet with considerable hostility. The occasion was a New York rally in early February sponsored by American Workers and Artists for Solidarity; despite the title, the tone of the evening was reflected by Gore Vidal's assertion that America, too, was an "occupied" country, occupied by a "military-industrial-political complex."

Sontag, on the other hand, said that the principal lesson of Poland was "the failure of Communism," and accused "the people of the Left [of having] willingly and unwillingly told a lot of lies" about conditions in Communist countries in order "not to give comfort to reactionary forces." A more accurate understanding of the reality of life in the Soviet Union, she said, could have been gleaned from the pages of *Reader's Digest* than from the *Nation* or the *New Statesman*. Treading on even more dangerous terrain, she said: "We tried to distinguish among Communism. We thought of Stalinist tyranny as if it were an aberration, and we praised other regimes—other regimes outside Europe in particular—which had essentially the same character." It was her concluding remarks, however, which have drawn the most subsequent attention:

> I would contend that what the recent Polish events illustrate is a truth that we should have learned a long time ago—that Communism *is* fascism, "successful" fascism if you will. What we have called fascism is rather the form of tyranny that can be overthrown and that has largely failed. Not only is fascism and overt military rule probably the future destiny of all Communist countries, especially when their populations are moved to revolt, but Communism itself is a variant, the most successful variant, of fascism. Fascism with a human face.

Predictably, the broad liberal-left audience to whom Sontag's words were addressed has responded with wounded indignation. Writing in the *Village Voice,* Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway denied that Communism and Stalinism were identical, implying that there were good Communisms (presumably Cuba and Vietnam) and bad Communisms (the Soviets). They also observed that failure to develop "a vision of socialist revolution distinct from the realities of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe leads to an embrace of American imperialism itself." Thus the perennial dilemma for the Left: Only committed radicals are conceded the right to criticize Communist regimes, but only so long as they do not provide ammunition to the forces of imperialism. If, miraculously, a non-Communist Poland somehow succeeded in freeing itself from the Soviet Empire, Cockburn and Ridgeway would probably see the enhancement of American imperialism as a more important and dangerous consequence than the resulting gain for human freedom.

Susan Sontag was one of the few Americans of any political stripe to have actually visited Poland in recent times. That more did not take the opportunity to witness Poland's revolution firsthand probably has something to do with lingering feelings of guilt over American conduct during the Hungarian Revolution of 1956. But the fact is that while statements issued by U.S. officials and one or two broadcasts on Radio Free Europe may have played a minor role in encouraging Hungarian resistance, it was a burning hatred for Communism and the Soviets which caused the revolution, and no amount of American prudence could have prevented it. Nonetheless, the

‡Although not as scandalous as the response of the business community: The ink was hardly dry on the martial law decrees when Thomas Theobald, senior vice-president of Citibank's international division, commented: "Who knows which political system works. The only test we care about is: can they pay their bills?" More recently, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce has denounced the Reagan Administration's efforts to delay or prevent construction of the Soviet natural gas pipeline. Referring to Administration pressure on our allies to cooperate with a trade cutback, Donald Kendall, chairman of the business group, said: "I certainly question whether the U.S. government should put its long arm into another sovereign country and force it to accept these sanctions." Such remarks do not go unnoticed in the Communist world. Polish radio broadcasts have praised the "restrained" attitudes and "calmness" with which Western financial circles have accepted martial law. As Tom Kahn, an AFL-CIO official, has observed: The attitude of business "conveys to the Soviet Union that important elements of what they would call the American ruling class are indifferent to human rights, or to the system of political democracy required to sustain them. Further, it confirms their view that the democratic capitalist societies are incapable of sustaining sacrifice, inconvenience, or profit losses in the services of principles we proclaim. That perception of us can only embolden them."



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persisting myth that American irresponsibility was largely to blame for needless bloodshed has produced an extreme, and in the case of Poland, unwarranted, cautiousness in relations with democratic movements in Eastern Europe.

This is unfortunate, since it is now evident that contacts between Solidarity and the West have acted as a restraint on the Polish regime's treatment of the interned union leaders. Lech Walesa's visits to France and Japan, his audience with the Pope, his speech before the International Labor Organization, the numerous Solidarity delegations dispatched to various Western countries—all helped create a global Solidarity constituency whose opinions must be taken into account by General Jaruzelski as he decides on the fate of the detainees. Here, for once, is an example of East-West people-to-people contact paying important dividends.

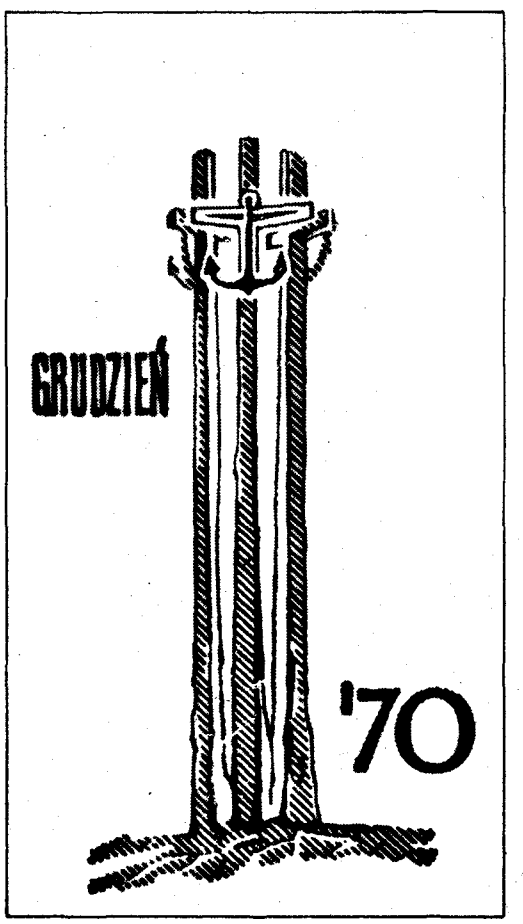
Solidarity's conduct under the extreme pressures of martial law indicates why it was so successful at capturing the loyalty of the Polish people during its sixteen months of legal activity. Almost without exception, its leaders have refused to cooperate with the authorities (in one notable case, a regional union leader recanted his earlier criticism of Solidarity before a group of astonished Western reporters). The dignity and commitment of the imprisoned trade unionists is largely a tribute to Solidarity's democratic character. By contrast, in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, where there was little popular participation in the reform movements, high level officials of the party-led reform regimes collaborated with the Soviets almost immediately upon invasion.

Some apologists for the regime have pointed to the relatively few casualties as evidence that the authorities are patriots first, and functionaries of the Warsaw Pact second ("a Pole, surrounded by Poles" is how George Kennan described General Jaruzelski). That there have been fewer deaths in Poland than in, say, Argentina or El Salvador is due largely to Solidarity's conscious decision to counsel against violence and terrorism. Instead, the union has urged its followers to engage in various forms of passive resistance, especially at the workplace. The following excerpt from the union's Basic Principles of Resistance points to the union's stress on seeking a disruption in the normal routine of economic life:

> Work slowly; complain about the mess and incompetence of your supervisors. Shove all decisions, even the most minor, into the laps of commissars and informers. Flood them with questions and doubts. Don't do their thinking for them. Pretend you are a moron. . . . if you are instructed to carry out mutually contradictory rules, demand written orders. Try to prolong such games as long as possible. Sooner or later the commissar will want to be left in peace.

One can certainly conceive of situations where Solidarity might abandon its nonviolent course, particularly in the event of a Soviet invasion. Clearly, however, the preferred tactics are a form of passive resistance bearing a number of similarities to those of the American civil rights movement. Here an important factor is the influence of Roman Catholicism. Many of the union's better-known figures, Lech Walesa among them, take quite seriously the Church's teachings on such questions as nonviolence. The bond between the union and the Church is genuine and organic, in striking contrast to the transparently contrived relationship between religion and the various Marxist guerrilla groupings so beloved by the World Council of Churches.

There are some indications that the regime was counting on at least nominal cooperation from the Church when the coup was launched. In this hope Jaruzelski has been sorely disappointed. As Zbigniew Janas, one of the most important Solidarity leaders to have eluded the government dragnet, has declared: "The Catholic Church is the only organization on which we can rely in this critical period." Given the Church's immense authority, its opposition to the martial law—often expressed, to be sure, in language as oblique and elliptical as that employed by the Communists—must be a source of considerable worry for the regime. By its statements and actions—clerics, for example, have passed messages from imprisoned Solidarity members to the West, have organized relief efforts, and protested conditions in the detention camps—the Church has in a sense endorsed Solidarity's passive resistance course. Perhaps even more importantly, the Church has held out the possibility of a more open break with the regime should the repression be stepped up.




This presents a real dilemma for the regime, since a further clampdown, and possibly even outright terror, might be required to maintain control over Polish society. Although Solidarity appeared thoroughly unprepared for the initial blow, its broad, democratic structure—with second, third, and fourth line officials capable of providing direction in times of crisis—has enabled the union to mount an increasingly effective underground opposition. Special bulletins are published throughout the country: They provide advice on resistance tactics, pass along declarations from interned union officials, and offer accounts of the strikes, riots, and government repression which are increasingly the order of the day. Organized resistance, however, may be less a factor in Poland's immediate future than overt rebellion, reflecting a people's fury at being handed an indefinite sentence to a system which provides neither bread nor freedom.

What should the American response be to all this? Rather than propose an answer to this much-debated question, I would urge that we step back a bit from the issues of the Polish debt, the Reagan Administration's waffling, and the discouraging reactions of our allies, and take a long look at exactly what's happening inside Poland itself. There, the reality is "a regime at war with its own people," in a Solidarity supporter's words. Although the similarities between Poland under Jaruzelski and traditional Latin American juntas have been overdrawn somewhat (as an elderly Polish woman commented, "You can't have Communism without tanks"), the fact is that Poland today, and particularly that part off-limits to the prying eyes of Westerners, resembles an armed camp, where sections of factories are separated by barbed wire, workers are escorted in and out of workplaces by armed members of the security forces, the unemployed are "drafted" into work brigades, those refusing to work are treated as "deserters," and colonels run the schools.

The regime has no constituency, save party careerists and the dregs of society who see a bright future in police work. When the Polish ambassadors to the United States and Japan defected to the West, many were startled at their impassioned embrace of our democratic values and the urgency with which they appealed for a firm position against the Polish government and the Soviets. These men had devoted their lives to the loyal service of People's Poland; ultimately they came to despise its government and political system. One can only assume that many, many more among the Polish ruling class share similar sentiments.

The faith that Ambassadors Spasowski and Rurarz expressed in the West's commitment to the values of freedom is not



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universally shared by their democratically minded countrymen. In the statement in which he described the Church as the only reliable ally of the people, Zbigniew Janas specifically excluded the West. "The weak response of the West to Polish events indicates that the Poles can count only on themselves," he said. "We do not foresee any substantial change in the attitude of the Western countries, which will not engage in any determined political or economic actions." Let us hope that, in charting the future direction of American policy, we do not bear out these pessimistic conclusions. □

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Adrian Karatnycky

# SOLIDARITY IN EXILE: AN INTERVIEW WITH JERZY MILEWSKI

Next year in Jaruzalem.

*Jerzy Milewski, 47, is the highest-ranking Solidarity official outside Poland today. An electrical engineer and specialist in laser technology, Mr. Milewski was chairman of the Solidarity section of the Polish Academy of Sciences. He likewise served as a member of the Executive Committee of the union's Gdansk Region and was a delegate to Solidarity's First National Congress, where he was elected chairman of the Program Committee.*

*Mr. Milewski's most significant role within the trade union involved his organizing of the* Siec*—the Network of Leading Enterprises. The* Siec, *an ad hoc association of the 17 largest workplaces in Poland, played a central role in developing a socio-economic program for Solidarity and spearheaded the movement for decentralized worker self-management. In recent months, support for the* Siec *program had grown rapidly and hundreds of factories and workplaces were participating in its conferences and activities.*

*I met with Mr. Milewski in a ground-floor tenement apartment on New York's Lower East Side—a community with a substantial Polish population. Until recently, the apartment had served as a studio for an expatriate Polish artist. Now it is a makeshift headquarters for Solidarity International, which Mr. Milewski has helped found in an effort to build support for Solidarity's cause.*

*Outside, the snow blanketed the quiet street. It was one month to the day that General Jaruzelski had proclaimed a "state of war" and imprisoned Jerzy Milewski's friends and colleagues. It was also a month to the day that Jerzy Milewski, in the United States to attend a conference on lasers, had become an exile.*

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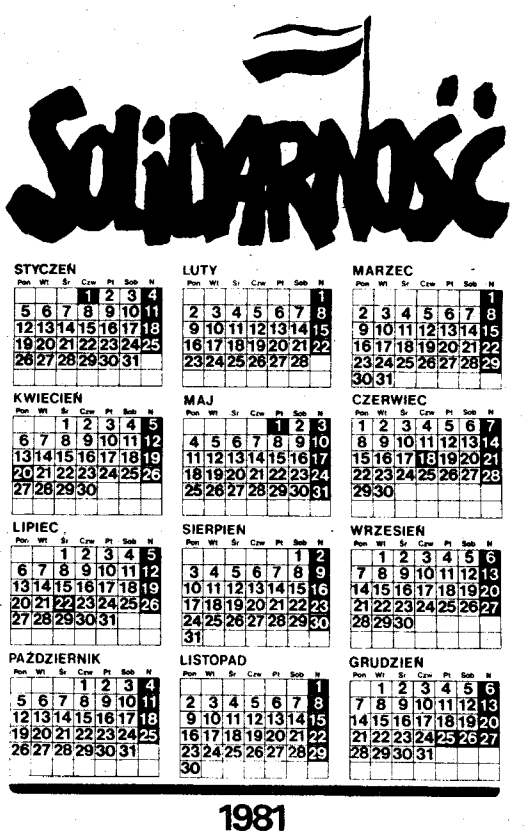
*Q: The military junta's crackdown against the Polish people, and against Solidarity in particular, has been remarkably effective. At the moment there appears to be no significant degree of overt protest or resistance. Are you not surprised at how quickly resistance has vanished?*

*Milewski:* None of us expected so total an attack against society by the entire Army and security apparatus. It is the first such instance in Poland's history. I believe that General Jaruzelski can now be regarded as one of the greatest criminals in our history.




Of course, the initial battle has been won by the authorities. Jaruzelski has indeed been successful in pacifying the entire nation. However, I believe that the resistance is far from crushed. After the arrest of tens of thousands and the deaths of scores of others, any reasonable person would have concluded that there is no sense in pursuing an open form of resistance. The real struggle is over the beliefs of people, over their hearts and minds, if you will. This is a struggle the authorities cannot win.

Although we did anticipate various possible attacks against us, attacks launched by the ZOMO [the elite militarized secret police] and militia, we never expected such a widescale offensive. But more important, even had we envisioned such a development, ours was not an organization capable of conducting a struggle against an armed adversary. Solidarity was a mass social movement which functioned as a trade union. In effect, it was the principal outlet for society's democratic tendencies and as such it was a regionally based, highly decentralized organization. Solidarity was not an organization created to do battle. It was a peaceful manifestation of the desire to be free.

Because of the imposition of martial law, however, preconditions have been set for an organized movement of action directed against the existing system. Until now, this would have been impossible: Had Solidarity been perceived as something akin to a paramilitary group it would have lost the support of most of its members.

*Q: Why, if as you indicated, Solidarity anticipated some form of confrontation, were no contingency plans made for widescale passive resistance?*

*Milewski:* Even if we had been absolutely certain that such a frontal attack was imminent, no resistance could have been properly organized. Any such attempt would have been labeled a preparation for

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the seizing of power. It would not have been seen as a defensive maneuver. Besides, Solidarity stood firmly for the peaceful transformation of the system. We were all quite aware that violent revolution is the worst means for changing the social structure of any society, as the Russian Revolution so well shows.

*Q: Are you then not suggesting, perhaps rather pessimistically, that there is no possibility of peaceful change?*

*Milewski:* On the contrary, I believe that what has occurred is a confirmation of the view that change is possible only through peaceful means. It is inconceivable that Solidarity could organize a widespread partisan resistance. This is not the Nazi Occupation. Had we been attacked by Soviet tanks, such resistance would be possible. Now we can only maintain and continue passive resistance. It is passive resistance which will lead to the dissolution of this military-police structure. In the final analysis, after all, the Army and police are composed of Poles. The moral and psychological pressures exerted on them will lead to the rupture of this system.

*Q: What forms of opposition and resistance do you then foresee evolving in the near future and in the longer term?*

*Milewski:* To begin with, we shall witness the disappearance of fear. The prisons are now filled to capacity. The government is virtually incapable of imprisoning the next level of opposition. So many are now in detention that younger Poles have come to regard incarceration as an expression of patriotism. The system cannot absorb such high numbers of detainees; therefore, some form of political amnesty will more than likely be announced in the near future. Jaruzelski's position, you see, is worse than it was one month ago.

*Q: Yet, while Jaruzelski's position may be worse than one month ago it is certainly better than it was before the introduction of the "state of war."*

*Milewski:* Your observation is correct only from a practical point of view. But the situation in which we find ourselves is immeasurably better than it was in 1957 or 1971, when social resistance was reduced to zero. A great deal of time was required for resistance to revive and lead to the next explosion. But the cycles of unrest and repression have been occurring with increasing frequency—between 1956 and 1970, 14 years; between 1970 and 1976, 6 years; between 1976 and 1980, 4 years. Still, after the strikes in Radom and Ursus in 1976 we had to start from scratch. Today our situation is 100 percent better. As the increasing flow of underground literature indicates, society has not been silenced. The will to resist has not been broken. Rather, resistance has been reinforced by the government's attempt at physical pacification. The situation which now obtains cannot last for long. I believe that within the next year, two at the most, we will witness the next uprising. Perhaps this time it will not be confined to Poland.

*Q: You do not, then, believe that General Jaruzelski is capable of introducing certain reforms which might lead to rapprochement with the Polish people and improve Poland's economic situation?*

*Milewski:* I don't believe rapprochement is possible. I also don't believe Jaruzelski is capable of implementing any genuine economic reforms. Certainly, within Solidarity there are no signs that rapprochement is possible. At this moment, not a single member of Solidarity's National Commission has signed a loyalty oath. Even the chairman of the Poznan region has publicly renounced his "recantation." If Walesa himself were pressured into making a conciliatory statement, all Poles would believe he had been drugged or forced to do so under extreme duress.

With regard to economic reform, in Solidarity's view there were three conditions for resolving the economic crisis. The first was finding the means to motivate Poles to work; not through economic incentives (given the state of the Polish economy there are none), but through increased freedoms and free economic initiative, through a sense that a better future is possible. Solidarity alone was the guarantor of such a course. And it was with this in mind that we developed our initiatives for worker self-management. We knew that productivity could be increased significantly merely by changing people's attitudes, by once again making work a positive activity.

The second condition for economic progress was the reform of trade with the USSR. This could only be accomplished through an opening up of the now-secret terms of trade with the Soviets. Even though it may have no basis in fact, the perception is widespread that Poland is exploited by the USSR in its trade relations.

The final condition for economic recovery was an infusion of new Western economic aid to break the economic deadlock. Solidarity's economic advisers calculated that we needed an additional four billion dollars in such Western aid.

In light of these three conditions, I do not see any way Jaruzelski can succeed. The standard of living is extremely low. The queues are lengthening. It will be impossible to prevent a future explosion.

*Q: Was Jaruzelski, then, unaware of the consequences of his action? Didn't he anticipate these difficulties?*

*Milewski:* I believe he miscalculated. He is, don't forget, a soldier. He has been programmed like a computer: action, divisions, officers, maneuvers, chains of command. In a military operation you do not calculate sociological or economic effects. You merely seek to occupy and control a territory. Only then do you try to figure out what comes next.

*Q: When I was in Poland last April and September, I was struck by what might be characterized as the high regard in which General Jaruzelski was held by many Solidarity leaders and advisers. He was perceived as a patriot with whom it would be possible to strike a bargain. What was the basis for this grand illusion?*

*Milewski:* Well, this illusion persisted at least until October when Jaruzelski was named Party Secretary. I believe you can explain it in part as the product of a certain degree of wishful thinking. Society wanted to believe that there was someone in a position of authority who wasn't an S.O.B. and Jaruzelski had always been rather quiet, untainted by corruption. He had always lived rather ascetically. Moreover, he was a soldier and Poles like to believe in their soldiers. The Army had heretofore never betrayed the people.

*Q: Did Walesa share in this assessment of Jaruzelski?*

*Milewski:* Yes. I remember quite well how he acted in March, after the Bydgoszcz affair in which Solidarity leader Jan Rulewski was horribly beaten. Walesa was deeply unnerved by the whole thing. But he was convinced that it was a provocation by certain elements within the leadership against Jaruzelski.

This view was quite widespread in Solidarity. I confess that I, too, wanted to believe that the general was a Pole and not an instrument of the Soviet Empire.

*Q: In September, most Solidarity officials with whom I spoke asserted that the state was incapable of exercising power. Why was this illusion so widespread?*

*Milewski:* This was no illusion. The state *was* falling apart. It *was* incapable of exercising power. And this is still the case. The government cannot do anything that is positive or constructive. Of course, it does retain its destructive



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capabilities. We did not wish to acknowledge this destructive power. We knew that we were engaged in a game of poker.

But we also knew that there was only one way out and that the path we had to take meant walking on ice.

*Q: Is there any merit to the view that Solidarity became an arena for a struggle between "moderates" and "radicals"; that Walesa, a "moderate," had lost control of the union to the "radicals," who provoked the government into declaring a state of war?*

*Milewski:* The government's military action had been in the works for a long time. Moreover, it was the authorities who consciously sought to radicalize the union and force it into a more political direction. It is clear that Poles, like all people, want bread and freedom. If they are given lots of bread they need less freedom. But if they have little bread they want more freedom. The government artificially denied us bread. It did everything possible to show that the union was powerless, that its decrees would not be realized. It tried to frustrate us, and in doing so it radicalized the membership below. After all, it was our rank-and-file who had to stand in line for food. It was the government's actions which radicalized and polarized our movement.

*Q: In one of his last public statements Solidarity leader Karol Modzelewski asserted that the membership was losing faith in the union and its leadership. Do you agree with this assessment?*

*Milewski:* The membership was frustrated and was beginning to believe that there was no way out of our crisis; that even Solidarity, "our Solidarity," couldn't do anything about it. This sense of despair was reflected in the decline in union participation. The number of union activists was steadily diminishing. In the months after August 1980, there were huge numbers of union volunteers. Everyone came to general meetings. In recent months, however, it was impossible to hold such meetings for lack of a quorum. People simply weren't interested. They were spending more and more time in queues. They were losing their desire to participate. They had lost hope in the possibility for change, in the possibility that the authorities would take steps to break the economic deadlock. It was a case of despair, not anger. Paradoxically, Jaruzelski's crackdown has revived resistance and anger.

*Q: What in your view can the West do to exert pressure on the Jaruzelski regime?*

*Milewski:* I believe that the West should block off the entire system and not only Poland. I believe that a total embargo of the Soviet bloc—grain, technology, capital, everything—would be a most useful measure. It is generally known that the Soviet system is not economically self-sufficient. It spends most of its energy increasing its front of attack. It does not have enough energy left for satisfying the needs of its population.

If you cut off all trade, this system will collapse. Not everyone in the West believes this. But not everyone is aware of how high the stakes are. What is needed is a far-sighted policy. If you cut off all trade, the Soviet system will fall apart on its own. Of course, you can help things along by increasing the capacity of Western broadcasts to break through Soviet jamming.

*Q: One final question. When do you expect to return to Poland?*

*Milewski:* I believe, without exaggeration, that developments will enable me to return to Poland within one to two years. □

Benno Weiser Varon

# WINTER IN SOUTH AFRICA: A DIARY

On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia.

***In flight, August 6, 1981:*** The flight by South African Airlines from New York to Johannesburg provides a lesson both about South Africa's isolation and its innate strength. The one refueling stop in the long journey is Ihla de Sal in Cabo Verde. Why this godforsaken island? Because no other African country grants the airline landing rights. Studying the timetables aboard the plane, I discover that on my return flight the stretch from Johannesburg to Zurich will take 15 hours. Any other airline makes it in 12. Why, again? Because South African Airlines cannot fly over African airspace. It has to follow the Atlantic coastline and stop over in Madrid.

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How can a country resist so much hostility? But then I pick up the in-flight magazine, the *Vlieende Springbok,* and read:

> The Republic of South Africa . . . is almost as large in area as the entire European Economic Community. South Africa is a geological freak. By a quirk of nature . . . [it] control[s] the greater portion of the world's most strategic minerals. . . . [It] is by far the world's most important source of manganese, with 78 percent of global reserves and 93 percent of Free World resources. South Africa has also 81 percent of global reserves of chrome, 75 percent of platinum, 51 percent of gold, 49 percent of vanadium, 35 percent of fluorospar, plus substantial [!] resources of diamonds, uranium, vermiculite, phosphate, zinc, titanium, antimony and lead.

One need not be a political scientist to understand why in a two-power world America cannot do without South Africa's minerals and what a boon it would be for the Soviet Union to shut out the United States from the main source of these minerals. Without platinum, manganese, chrome, and vanadium, all those billions Caspar Weinberger has asked for and received may be of no avail.

***Johannesburg, August 7:*** Had to think today of a South American joke: When the Lord created the earth, he dictated to an archangel the distribution of minerals. The angel stood by with a notebook and asked: "To whom, oh Lord, will you give Tin?"

"To Bolivia and Indonesia."

"And Silver?"

"To Peru and Bolivia."

"And Iron?"

"To Germany, France, America, and Bolivia."

The angel protested: "Aren't you going overboard with Bolivia, oh Lord? Aren't you laying yourself open to the charge of favoritism?"



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The Lord smiled and said: "Wait until you see what kind of people I'll give Bolivia."

The kind of people the Lord has given South Africa, i.e., those who benefit from its minerals, may get low grades in humanitarianism, but one can't help admiring their achievements. Johannesburg is a magnificent town, clean and spacious, its traffic well organized. Since it literally stands on gold, here and there tall dumps of sand and stones are visible, leftovers from the mining process.

***Stillfontein, August 8:*** The Lord who gave South Africa its gold and diamonds also gave it the toilers to extract them from the earth. Without the blacks, gold mining before the 1970s would have been a deficit operation. After descending in yellow rubber suits and with miner's helmets in a high-speed elevator into this gold mine, we are treated by the management to an elegant lunch and led to the building where the gold is melted into bars. Outside there is a little square filled with exactly one ton of rocks. In the foreground, on a little table, a tiny needle of gold is displayed. It weighs seven grams. The idea is to show that one has to go through one ton of stone to produce seven grams of gold, i.e., a bit under four tons to produce an ounce which, until some ten years ago, fetched a mere $32. Only slave labor could allow for some profit. The present gold bonanza came as a windfall. The government benefitted greatly and the black miner somewhat, although he remains underpaid. In South Africa, the black is still "the carrier of water and the hewer of stones." In the age of colonialism, which ended only with World War II, this was nothing unusual. Colonialism did not need to legislate this state of affairs. The white man's right to rule over and exploit the colored man was taken for granted. After all, a few thousand British officers and officials ruled over 600 million Indians in India. But South Africa made the tragic mistake of codifying this obsolescence and giving it a name: apartheid. South Africa's crime is being out of step with time.

Without legislation and without a name, the absurdity might not necessarily appear so absurd. I have lived in black or near-black countries. Haiti's, and even Jamaica's, blacks struck me as poorer and more downtrodden. South Africa claims that only five African states have a living standard comparable to that of its own blacks. One is tempted to dismiss this as a boast, but then one hears that Mozambique—Marxist Mozambique—allows and encourages 100,000 of its citizens to work in South Africa's mines and then taxes their earnings when they return.

Another discovery during the visit to the mines: South Africa is not only bilingual, Afrikaans and English, but also has the different tribal languages of its blacks. The operation of the gold mines has required the creation of a new language. This Esperanto is called Fonacalo and contains ingredients of Afrikaans, English, and the tribal languages. We attend a fascinating class of Fonacalo for mine-freshmen. The bearded teacher is a black veteran and his method resembles that of Dartmouth's legendary language teacher, John Racias. The course lasts only a week. A knowledge of 200 words is sufficient.

***Pretoria, August 10:*** An attractive young woman in the Foreign Ministry's guest department promises to set up some meetings with government, opposition, and black leaders. "Real ones," she adds, "no stooges."

Unfortunately, the military's biweekly flight for foreign correspondents to the "operational zone" in South West Africa (nobody calls it Namibia here) is booked full. I shrug. Later I learn that had we been on the plane we might have witnessed South Africa's strike into Angola. Unaware of our loss, I can be nonchalant. Ours, after all, is a vacation trip and a family visit. We want to take in a bit of journalism. But we don't plan to write any encyclopedias.

As the young lady leads us out of the palatial Union Building, she says: "If, after meeting whomever you will meet, and seeing whatever you may see, you leave South Africa in a state of utter confusion, then you may consider your visit a full success."

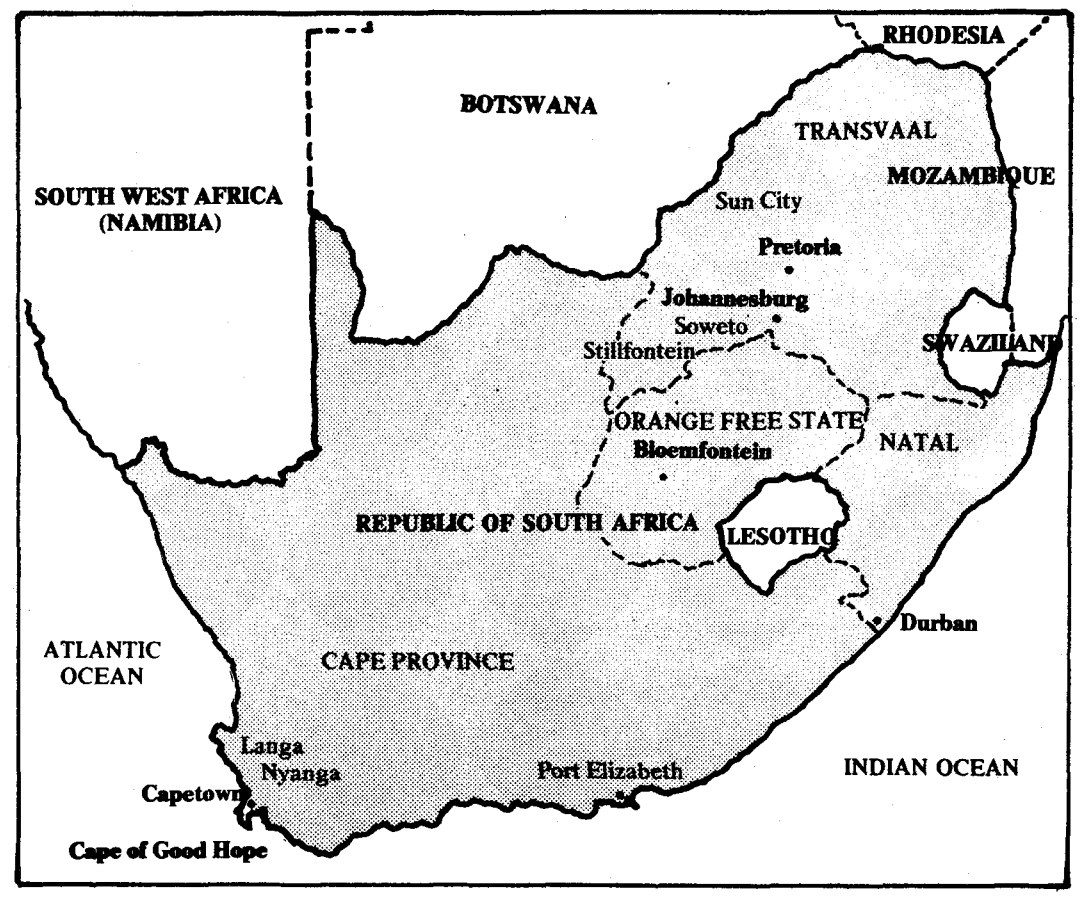
***Soweto, August 12:*** During the daytime Johannesburg is a biracial city. The streets are populated mostly by blacks. The beautiful parks, their benches and lawns, belong to the blacks only—they seemingly have no other place to relax. Only a small number of black domestics, waiters, etc., who work late hours, can receive permission to sleep in town. The rest must commute from and to Soweto, Johannesburg's all-black twin city, whose inhabitants number somewhere between one and one-and-a-half million. The uncertainty in this estimate is caused by the "illegals" who live here without permission.

A white official drives us through parts of Soweto. I had visualized a huge slum. Instead we see rows and rows of small but neat houses, some older, some new, and even some veritable villas. Our guide points out the home of Dr. Motlana with whom we are scheduled to have lunch today. It would not disgrace Scarsdale, N.Y., or Short Hills, N.J.

The town is clean. Yet we notice an almost total absence of landscaping. Only a few houses reveal any effort at gardening. Wherever there stands no building, the earth is naked, the grass turned yellow, the shrubs are wilted. It's a landscape of lovelessness. The owners, or tenants, obviously take no pride in their homesteads. Do they consider themselves transients only?

Our guide does not suggest that we enter any of the homes. We wonder: Are we being shown Potemkin villages? We check later with a newspaper editor. No, he says, though we have been driven over paved roads, while there are others that aren't. What we were not shown is the smallness of the interiors and their overcrowdedness. An average house, he says, offers no more space than his office, and the office is by no means of heroic proportions. "Six persons may sleep in one little room and 12 people in a house. Some families take in boarders and accommodate 'illegals.'"

I say to myself: a ghetto, yes; a slum, no. In the Dominican Republic we gave our crates away and our cook built herself a shack out of them where she proudly lived with her mother and children. Soweto is no shantytown, no *favela,* no *cité misere.* If



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there is squalor, it does not descend to the street. It is no Harlem, either.

***Johannesburg, August 12:*** Lunch with Dr. Ntatho Motlana at the Carlton. The hotel is first class. So is the dining room. Since tips must be accordingly high, the waiters are all white.

We originally aimed at Bishop Desmond Tutu whose byline we have read in the English-language press. But since we tried to reach him via the Foreign Ministry, he declined. Yet Dr. Motlana has all the right credentials, too. He was banned (i.e., not allowed to live in the Johannesburg area); after the Soweto riots of 1976 he was elected chairman of the Committee of Ten which speaks for Soweto. (Its mayor is considered an Uncle Tom.) Our Johannesburg friends say he is a good man, but a physician with a good income who lives comfortably. "Don't expect a firebrand."

Well, I think, Moses lived more than comfortably. He grew up as a prince. Nevertheless . . .

Dr. Motlana is small and slender, in his late fifties, and well known at the Carlton. This meeting place was his choice. He evidently likes to be seen here. He pays little attention to the food. His slenderness derives from his profession and discipline.

"We were here for a few days in 1971," I say. "What has changed in these ten years?"

"Things have grown worse," he answers. "It's true, ten years ago, I could not have been sitting with you in this hotel. But ten years ago, I still was a citizen of South Africa. In the meantime a traitor called Mangope has accepted independence for Bophuthatswana, the so-called 'homeland' to which I ethnically belong. This fiction of a state has not only a President, but also a Foreign Ministry and—an Embassy in Pretoria. It gives out passports which, of course, nobody honors. Thus, I can't travel abroad."

Under questioning, Motlana concedes that he would be admitted to the United States. But he is not at all grateful for this privilege. He considers it collaboration with a sham.

"Do you consider yourself a radical or a moderate?" I ask.

Motlana answers: "As far as the end goal is concerned, I am as radical as anybody. As to the methods to get there, I am a moderate. This does not imply, however, that I have any faith that moderation can ultimately lead us to victory."

I ask: "If you were white, wouldn't you try to postpone that victory as long as possible? It is, after all, not only a question of white supremacy. Doesn't white survival go with it, too?"

"What happened to Zimbabwe's whites?" Motlana asks innocently.

I answer: "As far as I know, one-quarter of them have emigrated in the short time of its existence. Emigration continues, in spite of the fact that you are not allowed to take money out of the country."

Dr. Motlana does not disagree. Instead he asks: "But have the whites been killed?"

And as I say no, he continues:

"You see, I wouldn't want the whites to leave. We need them. For instance, we could not operate the mines by ourselves. And don't believe we would occupy their houses. We can't afford them. We still would live in the Sowetos."

A moderate indeed, I think. Is Dr. Motlana so naive? Doesn't this physician know something about human nature? The blacks have too many accounts to settle, or at least this is what the whites in their understandably bad conscience have good reason to fear. If the doctor really believes in what he says, he may be a Kerensky. No doubt, the Lenins will follow. I'm not thinking here of Lenin's ideology, but of the natural radicalization of revolutions. All the same, nobody here denies that the ANC, the African National Congress which sponsors the terrorist activities in South Africa, is armed and supported by the USSR.

"Who would be the president of the nation?" I ask.

"There can be no doubt. There would even be no need for elections. It would be Mandela."

For the last 15 years Nelson Mandela has been held prisoner on Robben Island, South Africa's Alcatraz. His wife is banned. Motlana is her doctor, and a daughter of the Mandelas lived for a time in Motlana's home.

Our friends were right. No firebrand. A very reasonable man. If I were a South African white, how much weight would I attribute to his opinions?

***Johannesburg, August 13:*** Last night, I heard my first South African racial joke. Van der Merve is as frequent an Afrikaner name as Smith in English. There are innumerable van der Merve jokes. They are vitriolic and directed at the Afrikaners.

"What happens when you cross van der Merve with a baboon?"

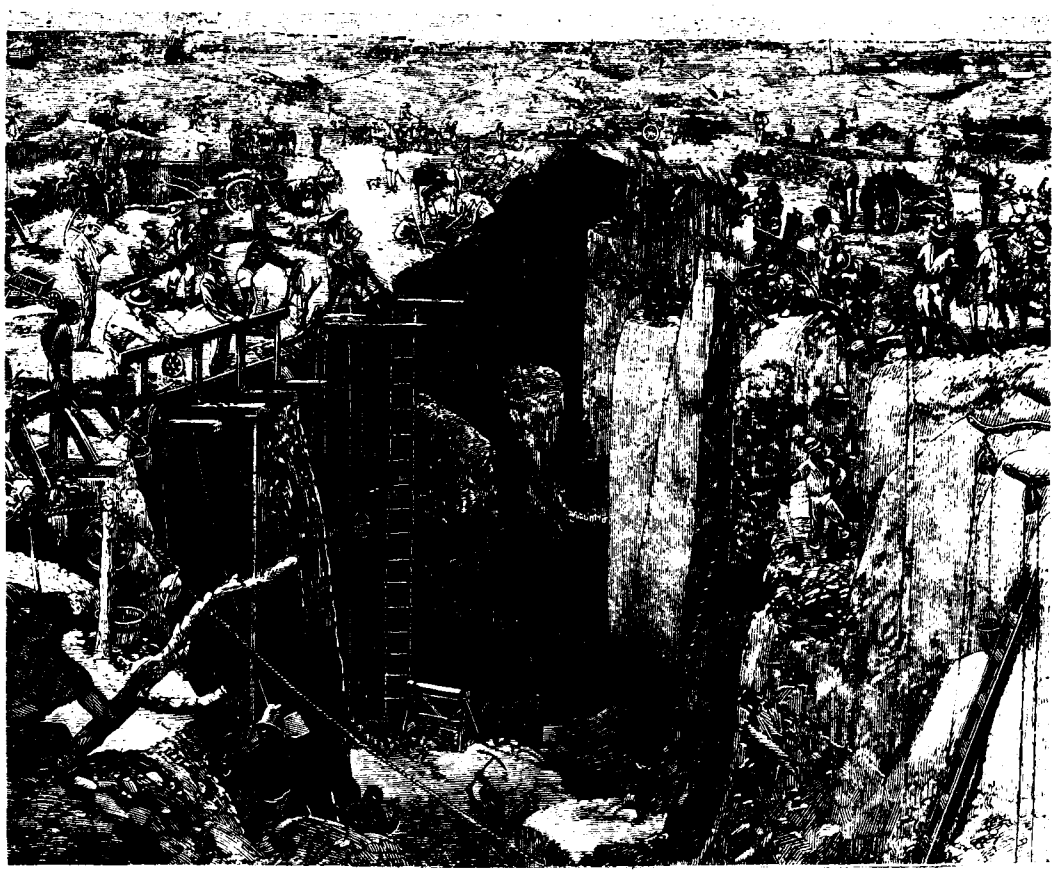
"You get a retarded baboon."

I also heard a more subtle one. "How do you define an Afrikaner homosexual?"

"A man who'd rather discuss girls than rugby."

While reading the morning paper, I am reminded of both jokes. The tour of the Springboks, the South African rugby team, causes—according to the newspaper—near civil war in New Zealand. Thousands protest against the presence of the South African sportsmen (who, ironically, include some blacks), because they see them as representatives of the apartheid-state. Rugby fans, on the other hand, want to see them play, because the Springboks may well be the world's best rugby team. The greatest police concentration in the history of New Zealand tries to keep the two camps from slugging it out and to protect the South African team. At the same time, an American fact-finding team of Democratic congressmen is visiting South Africa. They meet with Prime Minister P.W. Botha who later claims their behavior was "disrespectful." At a press conference, the congressional delegation attacks the government.

Meanwhile, in Nyanga East near Capetown, the Minister of Cooperation and Development, Koornhof, has ordered the leveling of a camp of black squatters. Previously the squatters had lived in barracks at Langa, Capetown's oldest black township, been evicted from there, and erected some pitiful contraptions out of branches, plastic sheets, and carton boxes. Now the police have come and burned





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down these shelters, in the midst of a wet and freezing winter—2,000 dwellers are affected. White women from the Black Sash movement have been bringing food to the suddenly homeless and others have taken some of the youngest into their homes. U.S. Representative Shirley Chisholm visits the place and is moved to tears.

(A day or two later, the squatters will be arrested, put into busses, and "returned" to the independent homeland Transkei, whose chief, Kaiser George Matanzima, had a few days earlier made a "state visit" to Capetown. Matanzima will be outraged and threaten to send all of them back. At this writing all the deported have filtered back to the Cape area.)

I can't help finding a touch of van der Merve in the minister's sense of timing—one of Koornhof's two portfolios is "Coordination." He will later claim that the whole situation stemmed from his "kindheartedness." He had told the squatters two years earlier that they had to get out. This is the same Koornhof who some time ago declared in Washington that "apartheid is dead."

What has happened at Nyanga comes under the heading of "influx control," the government's strenuous attempt to curb the number of blacks moving into the cities. Blacks can work "legally" for specified periods outside their homelands. But even then they are not allowed to bring their families along. The homelands for the black majority have been established on just 14 percent of the nation's land. They are economically unviable, partly because of the poor quality of their soil, and the lure to look for work elsewhere is well-nigh irresistible. Three of the ten homelands have accepted independence. Of these, one—Bophuthatswana—consists of nine disconnected parcels of land and is being kept afloat by Sun City (promptly dubbed Sin City), a white entrepreneur-financed conglomerate of casino-*cum*-bordellos where white South Africans, who at home would face jail terms for having sex outside their race, can indulge in their lust for "dark meat."

Why the homelands and the "independent" black states? To maintain the fiction of South African democracy. This fiction reads as follows: South Africa consists of the black homelands [which are states or states-in-the-making] and the rest is the home of the whites. The whites have their democracy and parliament; the blacks are invited to have their own ministries, legislation, and so on. The blacks who work within South Africa's white economy are then the equivalent of Europe's *Fremdarbeiter*, aliens who need permission to stay in white South Africa. This fiction may one day phase out the term apartheid.

I have to think of the beautiful lady at the Foreign Ministry's guest department. No, I am not at all confused. Some things are maddening and some just mad. But there is method to the madness.

***On the train to Capetown, August 14:*** We travel by rail instead of flying. One sees more this way. This is not the famous Blue Express, a five-star hotel on wheels booked months in advance. Ours is the Trans-Carou Express, and it is more than adequate.

I am wary of using easy-coming epithets. Thus I note down, without trying to make comparisons, that in South Africa the trains run on time. Our compartment sleeps six, but we have it all to ourselves. The restaurant-car serves a very decent five-course meal for the equivalent of four dollars. (South Africa is generally inexpensive for the foreigner.) The train is segregated. The blacks travel in the last car. The restaurant crew is mixed.

We travel through the corn-belt after harvest. The *veld*, or plateau, is largely unfertile. Only as we approach the Cape does the landscape become beautiful. The trip takes 28 hours.

I converse with a fellow passenger in the corridor. She says: "Don't compare our blacks with those of America." (The implication is that the latter are much brighter.) We speak about apartheid. I mention that in the Johannesburg zoo we saw all comfort stations marked "For Europeans Only," though the majority of the visitors were black. Never mind "separate development," but where do the blacks fulfill their needs?

"Don't worry," says the woman, "they know where to find their toilets. And I can assure you, you have nothing to regret about this separation. You would not imagine how these people behave!"

***Capetown, August 15:*** In this land of diamonds, Capetown is the gem. We see the town from every angle, against the backdrop of the Table Mountain which rises vertically a full 3,000 feet and from the Mountain sprawling at our feet.

We drive to the Cape. As we enter the National Park the landscape becomes eery. Or is it just our imagination? After all, we are at the end of the continent and the thought impresses us. We find that the famous Cape of Good Hope is a neglected side show. The main attraction is called Cape Point. One cannot walk all the way to it, just view it from a hill. The Cape of Good Hope is a bit to the west. We are the only ones to walk to it, as there isn't even a path. We stand on the rocky hill above it and see the Indian Ocean to the east, the Atlantic to the west. On the way back we are waylaid by a group of baboons. We have been warned that they can be dangerous when not faced from the car. But it turns out that we are the ones who seem dangerous to them. The males monitor our movements and follow us, in an evident effort to protect the babies that cling to their mothers.

***Stellenbosch, August 16. Visit to the winelands:*** As we abandon the national highway and approach Stellenbosch, the landscape becomes unspeakably beautiful. The ingredients are familiar: sky, mountains, meadows, houses. But the valley is unusually wide and open, some of the planted quadrangles are of a green so bright as I don't remember ever having seen in a field, the houses are of an immaculate white. Thoughts drift through my mind which I don't dare to verbalize even in front of my wife. If I owned this overwhelming landscape, I think, I would hold on to it against all comers, tooth and nail.

Of course, it seems impossible to say this aloud. Apartheid places white South Africa, including its very understandable territorial imperative, in the dock. To express support for South Africa implies not only courage, but also a great deal of callousness. →

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*Capetown, August 17:* Our first interview is based on a misunderstanding. I had asked to meet with the Minister of Education and Training, F. Hartzenberg, a leader of the *verkrampte* and the staunchest hardliner within the National Party. The Minister is out of town. Mistaking our interest in him for interest in education, the Foreign Office's guest department has arranged for an interview with his second-in-command, J.G. Rousseau, Director General of the Ministry. Thinking that the highest civil servant would reflect the political views of the Minister, I start by saying:

"Dr. van Zyl Slabbert, the chief of the opposition, had the other day a controversy with Prime Minister (P.W.) Botha. Mr. Botha said that white domination is not negotiable. Whereupon Dr. Slabbert suggested that white domination has at best another 10 or 15 years to go. What do you think about this exchange?"

Mr. Rousseau looks at me like a wounded deer. He replies: "It's not fair that you ask *me* this question. I am an official, not a politician." Born in Malawi and the son of a missionary, he has been active all his professional life in the education of blacks, which until 1955 was in the hands of the missionaries. When the government of South Africa decided to take over black education, he too was taken over. It turns out that the Ministry for Education and Training deals only with black education. There is a separate Ministry of Education dealing with whites.

"Mr. Rousseau," I begin again, "I understand that education is your profession, black education your life's devotion. May I ask, to what degree does your government share your enthusiasm? How great is its desire that the blacks receive a good education?"

Mr. Rousseau's answer seems convincing: "Last year, our budget for black education was 224 million rands. This year it is 359 million." (One rand is worth just slightly more than one U.S. dollar.)

A few days later I discuss these figures with friends in Johannesburg. "Did he tell you," they ask, "about the disproportion between the sums spent per capita on black education and on that of the whites? It is one to ten." Mrs. Helen Suzman, however, whom we meet immediately after Rousseau, concedes: "Yes there is progress in certain fields, as for instance education."

Helen Suzman is the legendary woman who for many years single-handedly represented the anti-apartheid position in Parliament. The slender lady who beckons us into her office in the Parliament building still has a young face, but snow-white hair. (Legends also grow old.) There is some introductory chitchat. Mrs. Suzman has two daughters living in the States, and we know the one who is a doctor in Boston.

Suzman's has always been an uphill fight. But she now confesses to near hopelessness—precisely because the enlightened pronouncements of Prime Minister Botha, who had started out so well, had come to naught. He had said what for a Nationalist leader was once unthinkable: Whites had "to adapt or to perish," had to abandon "selfishness and materialism." Apartheid, the oppression of people, "was dead." Unnecessary and irritating discriminatory laws had to be dropped. South Africa's policy had to be based upon the Christian principles of love and brotherhood and not on the "politics of hate." "Apartheid is a recipe for permanent conflict," Botha had declared, and "change is the only alternative to revolution." So why was the recipe maintained? Why has there been no change?

Because Prime Minister P.W. Botha missed his appointment with destiny. He retreated when the National Party caucus rewarded his enlightened statements by supporting his hardliner rival, A.P. Treurnicht. In April 1981, the Herstigte Nasionale Party, at the extreme right of Botha's National Party, scored heavily. Though election rules which discriminate against smaller parties kept the Herstigte (Reconstituted) Nationalists from winning any seats in Parliament, in Transvaal, the richest and most populous province, the party won one-third of the ballots cast by Afrikaners. "There was a time," Mrs. Suzman says, "when I could not imagine that there could still be people to the right of the government."

We pick up Mr. Ibrahim Schroeder and drive toward Mitchell's Plain, a half-hour's ride from Capetown. The name Ibrahim corresponds to his mother's Muslim and Malayan ancestry, Schroeder to his father's Hanoverian origins. Schroeder is a colored. He explains: "If you are neither black nor white, you are a colored."

"Unless you are an Indian," I say.

"Yes," he says, "unless one is an Indian."

Schroeder is the Cape leader of the Freedom Party of South Africa, the smaller of the two colored parties. There exist two million coloreds and 200,000 of them are Malaysians.

We pass District Six, or what was District Six. The houses that stood there have been razed. Only a mosque remains standing. This was once a colored neighborhood. Schroeder fondly recalls growing up here, though the houses were overcrowded and without hygienic facilities. While it is clear that the coloreds had to go because the whites wanted this central neighborhood for themselves, Schroeder tries to be lenient and says his people now live in spacious and better homes. No, he would not want to return, and yet, somewhat incongruously, he expresses hopes that District Six may become a mixed neighborhood.

"What does this mean?" my wife asks.

"Whites, coloreds, and Indians."

"And what about blacks?"

"No. No blacks."

He does not find this objectionable. He does not pretend to like blacks. "Neither," he says, "do the English-speaking whites who vote for the opposition. As I size them up, they vote Progressive, but they thank God for the National Party." Schroeder is not the first to have voiced such opinions to us, but nobody has put it so bluntly.

As for the government, it has not quite solved the problem that the coloreds and Indians pose for its ideology. On the one hand, they have no vote, and the other, no homelands that would provide a justification, or at least pretext, for the absence of this vote. Whatever the case, it obviously is less sinful to be colored than to be black.

*Johannesburg, August 24:* We have spent a week sightseeing. We drove along the Garden Route, South Africa's Côte d'Azur, from Capetown to Port Elizabeth. Flew back to Johannesburg and drove from there to Kruger National Park. We find



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that the Lord has been partial to South Africa not only in minerals.

Before leaving we visit with Benjamin Pogrund, a senior editor of the *Rand Daily Mail,* who some time ago spent a year in Boston where he worked for the *Boston Globe.* He is now the *Globe*'s correspondent in South Africa.

The *Rand Daily Mail* is, like the other newspapers of its chain, conspicuously critical of the government. Recently its editor-in-chief was dismissed. Friends alleged to us that the pro-black leanings of the liberal paper have antagonized many white readers and, more important, advertisers. Still, I am impressed by the unmitigated anti-government slant of the reporting and editorials. "One could believe that there exists absolute freedom of press," I say.

"One could," Pogrund admits. "The things which we are allowed to discuss, such as race relations, we discuss with absolute freedom. There are others which are taboo."

"Which others?"

"Military matters, for instance."

That's not too bad, I think. But I dimly recollect that Pogrund has had quite a few personal troubles stemming from his newspaper activities. Friends point out that though he ranks high in the echelons of his newspaper his byline appears less frequently than before.

I ask him about Slabbert's statement that "white domination still has another 10 to 15 years to go." He replies by recalling his student days:

> At James'ies, as we called Jamesson Hall at Capetown University, we used to debate the imminent revolution. This was twenty years ago. I can't help thinking of it when I hear predictions like Dr. Slabbert's. No, I don't foresee any cataclysmic changes. The government is too strong, too overwhelming, too determined. Some none-Afrikaner whites, mostly professionals, have emigrated. There is hardly anyone from my university class left in the country. But the Afrikaners' will to resist has not been dented. The will to resist disappeared overnight in Mozambique; it disintegrated somewhat slower in Rhodesia. There is not the slightest sign of giving in—or giving up—among the Afrikaners.
>
> On the other hand, the black strength is divided and the armed opposition inept. Sabotage is now 20 years old. It has picked up lately, but compared with the total strength of this country, it still doesn't amount to anything serious. The blacks are frightened and hopelessly infiltrated by informers.

I mention that Mrs. Suzman has spoken hopefully about the potential for black trade unions to act as a Solidarity-like force. "Yes," Pogrund says, "many speak about the black trade unions. But there are no union funds, contributions from abroad are forbidden, and workers don't make enough money to put something aside for strikes."

As we say good-bye, he says: "Give my regards to Boston. It's a great city. I left a part of my heart there."

***In flight to Zurich, August 28:*** I could not write an encyclopedia about South Africa. But I am not confused, either. And precisely because I am not confused, I know that I have no solutions to offer.

Having weighed the risks of change, some within the white government have obviously decided in favor of the status quo. The fear apparently prevails that once you start to compromise, the whole fabric may unravel. I doubt whether this would be necessarily so. In a very moving newspaper piece, Bishop Desmond Tutu, the one whom we did not manage to see, while commenting on the events in Nyanga, avoids stridency, anger, and reproach, but voices regret at the government's lack of *Ubuntu,* a black term for compassion. He asks, "Is the Afrikaner or white identity so fragile that it needs to be protected by such inhumane methods?"

Precisely because this is the age of the Third World, I have tried to see matters through the eyes of South Africa's whites. From their point of view I can conclude that survival is worth any price. Yet from a safe distance I can only echo Bishop Tutu: Would a bit of *Ubuntu* endanger survival?

Our last day in Johannesburg brought about an almost incredible innovation (which seems to have remained South Africa's best-kept secret): For the first time blacks were allowed to sit side by side with whites on Johannesburg's public busses. Why this furtiveness? Are the Afrikaners afraid to appear soft? □


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Stephen B. Young

# GOOD GOVERNMENT IN HANOI

## The dubious harvest of Uncle Ho.

*A story circulating out of Saigon involves a fictive Ho Chi Minh. One day the guard at Ho's mausoleum in Hanoi discovers that the beloved uncle is missing. The government, in near panic, sends high-level cadres everywhere to look for Uncle Ho. A week later, an official finds him sitting on the Saigon wharf from where he had left for Europe before World War I. "Uncle, uncle," he starts, "why have you left your home and given us such a fright?" Ho replies, "My underlings have betrayed the revolution. I must now go abroad and begin anew the struggle to liberate our people, but the middlemen want 14 ounces of gold for passage and I can't raise it anywhere."*

Six years after Hanoi's victory, the Vietnamese revolution is a failure. The economy is in a shambles. Plans are not realized. The New Economic Zones are marginal accomplishments. Rice harvests are inadequate. In acts of civil disobedience, the rural populace refuses to produce for the state as agricultural production plummets. The production of chemical fertilizer has fallen dramatically but no money has been spent to increase imports of this essential ingredient for agricultural production. Over a million tons of wheat and wheat flour were imported in 1978 and again in 1979. Production of fish sauce, a staple, has dropped while poultry and pig production, which had taken off in South Vietnam under Thieu, has stagnated.

The Food and Agriculture Organization estimated that Vietnam would be short 4.4 million tons of rice in 1981. While the economy has been constantly short two million tons of domestic cereal production since the Communists seized all of Vietnam, typhoons in 1980 created an abnormal excess deficit of 2.4 million tons. Six million Vietnamese face malnutrition. Last year there were food riots in the northern city of Haiphong and the central province of Nghe Tinh, Ho Chi Minh's birthplace. A Western ambassador recently called North Vietnam "one of the most impoverished places on earth." Travelers report that people in Phnom Penh now look better fed than those living in Hanoi. Even William Shawcross now admits that "Vietnam is one of the poorest countries in the world."

In December 1980, the politburo abandoned its dream of creating new socialist men in Vietnam and turned to markets and the profit motive to rescue the economy and the regime. Hoang Tung, editor of *People's Daily*, said, "One has to prepare in time, otherwise one can have a Poland on one's hands." This means that the campaign against capitalism, a pretext to drive ethnic Chinese out of the country in 1978, has been canceled. When offered 2.2 to 2.5 piasters per kilo of rice rather than the old price of 1.3 piasters, peasants in the Mekong Delta sold the government an extra 71,000 tons of paddy. Now the state is paying more for pork as well. When piece-rate wages were paid, workers in a state fishing company doubled their catch. The party may no longer interfere with each cooperative's "right of self-control." But corruption squeezes the last piaster from people sinking ever lower into poverty each year.

The urban millions to be moved to virgin lands still remain in the cities. Thousands without proper identification cards live in hovels on Saigon's streets. Beggars cluster near restaurants to eat the leftovers. Foreign visitors are rarely allowed freedom to roam at will and see such consequences of the revolution. Shawcross was one of the exceptions. He confirmed the beggars and the poverty.

No boat people fled Vietnam under nine decades of French colonial rule. Nor did Vietnamese flee their homeland during the years of American combat presence. Only revolution brought intolerable misery.

Today, the lucky Vietnamese are those with relatives living abroad. Packages from "imperialist" countries feed Vietnam's black market. Thousands of illegal street vendors meet popular needs for soap, milk, sugar, and cigarettes. East Germans and other advisers from fraternal socialist countries now use the prostitutes, and Russian cash pays for the country's imported oil. The Soviet Union carries the Vietnamese economy at a cost of six million dollars each day. Vietnamese socialism is parasitic, sucking in important wealth from its friends and enemies alike.

To pay its debts to the Soviet Union, the government of Le Duan has resorted to the extraction of surplus labor from its subjects. As reported in the *Economist*, Hanoi has agreed to send 500,000 Vietnamese to work in Siberian camps because the Soviet Union, due to demographic trends, is facing a labor shortage in the coming years. Living in isolation from the population, these Vietnamese will receive use of only 40 percent of their wages. The balance will go to offset Hanoi's debt to Moscow. Some 15,000 of these Vietnamese workers will go to Bulgaria. Shawcross

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*Stephen B. Young, Dean of the Hamline University School of Law, served in South Vietnam with the Agency for International Development, and is currently assisting Ellsworth Bunker in writing the Ambassador's memoirs.*



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reported visiting an orphanage in Saigon where children were making clothes for export to the Soviet Union. He called the embarrassing practice "child labor" and left it at that.

The reason for this state of affairs is not difficult to fathom: Though the Americans have left, the country remains in a state of war. The Vietnamese army has been dramatically expanded to about one million men and militia units of some two million additional men have been mobilized. The Hanoi regime finds it easier to use military formations to keep the population disciplined. Army officers are being used to organize a nationwide youth movement while a new recruiting drive is pressed to fill all units. Resources are taken away from food production.

But even Hanoi's army is encountering harder times. Guerrilla bands exist in many parts of South Vietnam. There is an insurgency against Hanoi in Laos. The threat of another lesson from Peking keeps Hanoi's best units along the Chinese border, far away from the pacification of Cambodia where Pol Pot's forces have now survived two dry seasons intact. Towns and roads of that ravaged country are under Vietnamese garrison, but pacification of the countryside is beyond the present capacity of Hanoi's expeditionary corps, and Vietnamese troops garrison less than ten percent of Cambodia's villages. Hanoi has resorted to such tactics as forcing Cambodians living along the Mekong to relocate in strategic hamlets to cut them off from Pol Pot's guerrillas. Having once made a quagmire for us, Hanoi is now fighting its own quicksand war throughout Indochina.

While the economic drain of constant warfare on Vietnam is substantial, the political impact of Hanoi's Cambodian venture is even more perverse. In the past, the party has won essential domestic political support with the line that "you may not like us but we never make a mistake and so you will do better hitching your wagon to our winning star." But now Hanoi's reputation for success is at risk.

What's more, Hanoi's other pretext for legitimacy, representation of Vietnamese nationalism, has evaporated with the ill-fated invasion of Cambodia. This setback to its imperial ambitions has left Hanoi as but a foot soldier in a larger geopolitical contest—the Soviet search for hegemony. Indeed, one can posit a direct correlation between Hanoi's increasing subservience to Moscow and the regime's declining prestige.

The direction of the Le Duan's rule became apparent after Hanoi's military victory in 1975, when both the Vietcong leadership and those North Vietnamese with close ties to Peking lost power. Management committees of the North Vietnamese Army were placed in charge of the South while the Vietcong were told to disband. When Truong Nhu Tang, the NLF Minister of Justice, asked after the 1975 conquest where the famous NLF Divisions (the 1st, 5th, 7th, and 9th) were, one of Hanoi's commanders replied bluntly: "Didn't you know that the armed forces have already been unified?" Tang later fled abroad.

After the hasty, formal unification of the two Vietnams in 1976, Le Duan assumed even greater power. NLF leaders were ignored or given sinecures. The leadership of the party returned to the pure Stalinist theory of its early development of the late 1930s. Le Duan prescribed heavy industrialization for Vietnam and a homegrown version of the New Soviet Man. Stalin's picture graced Vietnamese buildings. The Hanoi regime proclaimed itself a "Socialist Republic" on the Soviet model. In 1978, Hanoi first joined COMECON and then entered a mutual defense pact


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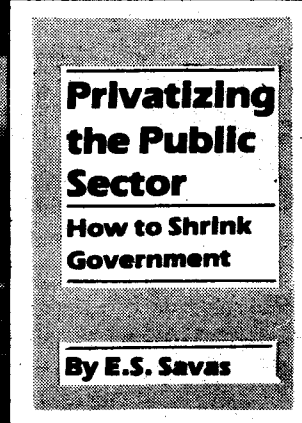


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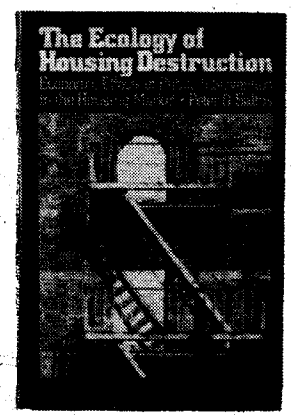


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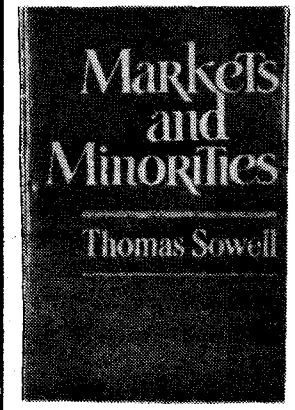


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with Moscow (in violation, by the way, of the Geneva Accords of 1954 and the Paris Peace Agreements of 1973). Hanoi's General Hoang Van Thai attended the early September 1980 Warsaw Pact maneuvers in East Germany after it was reported that Moscow had sought to bring Vietnam in as a full member of the pact. The new constitution of December 1980 pledged Socialist Vietnam to a militant foreign policy of "proletarian internationalism." Under Le Duan's leadership, Hanoi has been a willing pawn of the Kremlin, not a defender of Vietnamese interests. The results have been nothing short of disastrous.

Continuing an ancient tradition, not every Vietnamese has acquiesced in Hanoi's rule. Small guerrilla bands, each under a hundred men, live hard lives in the mountains and swamps throughout South Vietnam. Nationalist soldiers who refused to surrender carry on the fight we have abandoned. They have been joined by others released from re-education camps. The Cao Dai and Hoa Hao religious sects maintain their own guerrilla units. Two battalions led by Ngo Ke evade the Communists in the Seven Mountains of the Mekong Delta. Nearby, a network formed by an underground political party fights around Mytho city. The Montagnards maintain their own insurgency in the central highlands. Émigré officers have returned to link the tribesmen with ethnic Vietnamese guerrilla forces. Rumors abound in Vietnam that Lieutenant General Ngo Quang Truong has also returned from foreign refuge to lead resistance forces. Secret networks pervade Saigon, penetrating the regime at very high levels, waiting for the day when opposition may become open. Even the few surviving rural NLF followers in Kein Hoa province have taken to arms against their old comrades.

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The resistance groups in the bush do not expect to achieve military success in their struggle against the Communists. Their purpose is to sap the regime of its self-confidence so that in time it will fall of its own dead weight in the classic pattern of dynastic collapse in traditional China and Vietnam. Survival against the Communists is enough for the present. Efforts are placed on recruiting fifth-column sympathizers safe from the regime's secret police.

The resistance fighters call themselves "fighters for righteousness" —*Nghia quan*—or Robin Hoods holding out for the day of good King Richard's return. They wear no uniforms, set up their own leaders, and adopt patriotic names. Travellers are ambushed, local Communist cadres are assassinated, re-education centers are pillaged and the incarcerated "students" liberated. For example, two attempts were made to assassinate Tran Ngoc Anh in Tay Ninh province because he turned against his Cao Dai coreligionists and helped the government take church land and browbeat church leaders to abandon their faith.

In separate incidents in the cities of Saigon and Bien Hoa, leaflets were scattered throughout the city. One member of the resistance, now in this country, told me, "Finding our leaflets makes the cadres realize that what their superiors tell them is only propaganda and not the truth. They learn from us that the people oppose their rule." He added, "resistance fighters are ready for self-sacrifice, to be the first bricks in the wall, to blaze a trail for the many who will later follow them to win freedom for our people. The resistance has a future because it was born out of and is nourished by the aspirations of the people."

The political instability in Vietnam flows not merely from the destructive and repressive policies of Le Duan's regime, but also from the concomitant perceptions of illegitimacy they encourage. Historically, the Vietnamese have only followed leaders who reflect *uy tin*, a charismatic quality easily tarnished by failure or self-indulgence. Ho Chi Minh created for himself the public image of *uy tin*. He was compassionate, correct in demeanor, purposeful, and ascetic. His mistresses were kept from public view, and the dirty deeds necessary for Communist rule were carried out by his underlings. When the land reform program of 1954-1956 killed too many people, Truong Chinh took the blame and Ho cried publicly over the excesses. It was an effective act. Today, Hanoi suffers because no one of its leaders has *uy tin*. The Communists have tried hard to turn the party itself into a receptacle of *uy tin*. Under current conditions, however, the demoralized cadres no longer believe in Le Duan's ideology. The party and officer corps are perceived as nothing more than special interests seeking to secure their own power. And without *uy tin* they have no claim to legitimate authority. The seeds of rebellion against their rule have thus already been planted.

While armed opposition is at present no threat to the regime, Hanoi is concerned that such opposition not grow. Unable to round up the small bands which operate with the help of local people, the regime has fallen back to a posture of containment, hoping to deny the resistance access to recruits and political leadership.

The most dedicated of Saigon's nationalist officers are still kept in camps without trial nearly six years after Hanoi's conquest. First they were to be re-educated for only one month. Then the state decided that three years was necessary. More recently, six years was set as a time sufficient for the truly repentant to prove their devotion to the new order through labor. Since six years have now expired from the moment of their seizure, the regime may again have changed its mind and decided to keep these men in camps until they die or are otherwise politically incapacitated.

When I challenged Hanoi's delegation visiting Harvard in the spring of 1981 to justify the re-education camps, Hoang Nguyen, editor of the regime's English-language propaganda publications, after first contending that the people concentrated in camps were criminals, finally admitted that the regime was scared to release its opponents because they refused re-education and would provide leadership to dissident movements.

Not in re-education, but in other Vietnamese jails and camps are religious leaders and former anti-American advocates of neutralism and a third force. Such elitist intellectuals came in for harsh treatment after Nguyen Cong Hoan, the only member of Saigon's National Assembly to be selected for a seat in the legislature of a unified Vietnam, fled to the United States and called for outside help in overthrowing the Communists by force. Today, another former supporter of Hanoi, Doan Van Toai, argues that it would be cheaper to give arms to the guerrillas inside Vietnam than to provide welfare for a continual exodus of Boat People. He is undoubtedly right.

In Vietnam, monks have been arrested, pagodas placed in the care of regime confidants, Buddhist schools closed, and the faithful discouraged from public religious gatherings. With no Western press in Vietnam, the flaming suicides which occurred after 1975 have passed without international impact. What once shook Diem's regime is of no consequence

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to Hanoi. Venerable Thien Minh, very anti-American in the old days, has died in custody. Tri Quang, who led the movement against Diem in 1963 and later sought to undermine Thieu, is under house arrest.

Rationed food for each individual helps prevent the population from feeding the resistance. *Agents provocateurs* are sent out to recruit hot-blooded young students for a life in the maquis only to turn them over to the police. During the summer of 1981, the regime sent trusted cadres to live in coastal areas of the Mekong Delta in order to spy upon any émigrés who might return to ignite the tinder of rural dissatisfaction. But the struggle for liberty continues. I have seen a letter sent abroad by Ven Huyen Quang, Secretary General of the An Quang Buddhist priesthood, calling on all Buddhists overseas to to unite in support of those who resist Hanoi.

But more than a call for help is needed to produce the charismatic leadership necessary to organize local opposition to the Communists. We need only recall the weaknesses of the former Saigon governments, weaknesses which amounted to "lack of *uy tin*." Without a paragon as their leader, South Vietnamese were given to bickering and complaining. Diem was properly ascetic but could not accept criticism. He had no *uy tin*. Neither did General Duong Van "Big" Minh, who led the successful coup against Diem but proved incompetent as a ruler, nor Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, who was regarded as rash and inconsistent. For a few years Nguyen Van Thieu approached the threshold of *uy tin* among many Vietnamese, but it dissipated when after the Paris Peace Agreements of 1973 he lost faith in American perseverance, became fatalistic, and retreated behind a shield of corrupt cronies at the top of the government and army. When the end was near in 1975 he could no longer rally either his troops or his people.

At present, various men of semi-prominence under old Saigon regimes are offering themselves as leaders in the fight against Hanoi. In France, Le Quoc Tuy claims to be in contact with various resistance units within Vietnam. He is an associate of Tran Van Huu, a former prime minister under the French and the figure around whom the French hoped to build a third force, neutralist regime for Saigon in 1975. Tuy's connections with Huu and the French deny him *uy tin*.

In this country, Ha Thuc Ky, leader of a narrow and intolerant Dai Viet faction, and Le Phuoc Sang, a minor Hoa Hao leader, have sought American support for a government in exile. Sang worked for Ronald Reagan's election and now displays what he says is a letter from the President. Among persons of little *uy tin*, the political game is to become the favorite of a powerful patron. Ha Thuc Ky, especially through the newspaper *Van Nghe Tien Phong*, has spent more time slinging mud at his potential rivals in trying to tarnish their images than he has in overcoming objections to his own lack of *uy tin*. Rumors float that Ky is funded by General Tran Thien Khiem, Saigon's Prime Minister from 1969 to early 1975.

Thieu lives near London in a small villa ironically called "The White House." His wife is said to control the family's finances. His *uy tin* was completely lost with the collapse of Saigon in 1975. Nonetheless, he is avidly seeking contact with Peking to receive appointment as the non-Communist leader whom the Chinese will fund and support. These efforts are not groundless. After the Paris Peace Agreements were signed in 1973, Peking sent Thieu a letter through the good offices of Singapore's Lee Kwan Yew. Fearful of the consequences, Thieu did not reply. Then weeks before the collapse of Saigon in 1975, Peking again approached Thieu. This time the Chinese used his brother as a contact and offered to support South Vietnam against Hanoi if Thieu would open a few doors to power for the NLF. Reeling from the collapse of his armies, Thieu had no courage for such a dramatic gamble. In exile now, he hopes to make up for this oversight.

Thieu's old rival Nguyen Cao Ky is also itching to resume the limelight. Behind him are several very bright advisers. Ky has a following only among the most extreme anti-Communists but would nonetheless be useful in action.

Ky's old nemesis General Nguyen Chanh Thi, whose purge by Ky precipitated the Buddhist crisis of 1966, has organized a veterans' group. It is cooperating with Pham Van Lieu, a respected Dai Viet organizer, founder of the South Vietnamese marines, and leader of the attempted 1960 coup against Diem. Lieu has *uy tin* and his group is the most anxious to resume the armed struggle against Hanoi. But Lieu and Thi have no political strategy. They are soldiers possessed with the dash and verve of that calling.

Former NLF leaders such as Truong Nhu Tang in France and the Communist Hoang Van Hoan in Peking, having been discredited by their participation in Hanoi's drive for power and the subsequent demise of the Vietcong, have no *uy tin*.

For the Vietnamese, the most promising alternative for leadership is offered by the modest but brilliant Nguyen Ngoc Huy, the author of a two-volume work, *Dan Toc Sinh Ton*, that is the most original and profound Vietnamese political document of the modern era. His teachings form the backbone of a very effective secret political party, the Tan Dai Viets. He broke with fellow Dai Viet Ha Thuc Ky in 1964 over Ky's peculation in power and refusal to adopt a democratic theory for the party. American support for General Nguyen Khanh in 1964 forced Huy and his colleagues into a series of coups to drive Khanh from power. In his eagerness to stay in the saddle, Khanh organized various counter-coups, bringing Thieu and Ky to the fore. The resulting turmoil, complicated by Buddhist and Catholic antagonisms, destroyed Huy's excellent programs for good government and pacification. Thieu, a Dai Viet in 1963, later used Huy's ideas in the successful pacification program which defeated the Vietcong after the Tet Offensive of 1968.

Then and now, Huy has proposed an alliance based on a set of principles rather than an individual. In this way he hopes to overcome the divisive, personalistic aspects of traditional Vietnamese politics based on *uy tin*. Huy, who embodies the best of Vietnamese nationalism, has never been associated with the Americans. His proposals provide an excellent middle ground on which all interested parties can now meet to reinforce one another's efforts. Pham Van Lieu's group has already established a close working relationship with Huy.

Huy proposes the concept of *dan ban* as a political goal for all Vietnamese. This notion is at once traditional and modern. Taken from the mandate of heaven theory where rulers must seek the consent of those they rule, the notion of *dan ban* promises a commonwealth within which individuals can find personal fulfillment.

As isolated and far-fetched as the emigre opposition to Hanoi may appear, it would be premature to dismiss it out of hand. The Hanoi regime is well aware of its failings and its illegitimacy, yet rather than abandon its Stalinist ideology the regime seeks once again to use deception to forestall effective opposition. It has even sent a number of Buddhist priests abroad to pose as refugees and provide a pro-Hanoi slant in the émigré community. Associates of the Monk Man Giac in Los Angeles, for example, now argue that Buddhists should avoid politics and tend only to religion, a reversal of their position when they led the elitist third-force opposition to the Thieu regime. When accused of a quietism beneficial to Communist repression of the Buddhist church in Vietnam, they reply that liberation of the homeland lies in the hands of heaven alone.

But an even more telling sign of Hanoi's own sense of its growing isolation both at home and abroad has been the regime's increasing overtures in an attempt to win official U.S. recognition. American officials were permitted to visit Saigon and process refugees for legal exodus. The regime tells Western reporters and sympathizers that it would distance itself from Moscow if only the Americans would extend aid. Last fall several American veterans were received in Hanoi and heard fulsome promises of Hanoi's willingness to be America's friend.

Hanoi once even promised Henry Kissinger it would neither invade South Vietnam nor interfere in Cambodian affairs.

Hanoi understands that so long as the United States refuses to recognize Hanoi, in Vietnamese eyes the resistance to its rule has international sanction. Having lost both the charisma of victory and the mantle of nationalism, Hanoi needs American

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acknowledgment of its right to rule over a united Vietnam.

In my judgment, our formal recognition of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam as the particular political expression of the people of South Vietnam is precluded by Article Five of the United Nation's declaration on aggression which says, "No territorial or special advantage resulting from aggression is or shall be recognized as lawful." Hanoi's 1975 invasion of South Vietnam not only violated the Paris Agreements on Ending the War but constituted an act of aggression under international law, which defines it as the use of armed force by a state against the territorial integrity and political independence of another state. The creation of the Socialist Republic incorporating all of Vietnam under one government as the consequence of such aggression was in violation of international law and should not be legitimated. Perhaps this September the Reagan Administration should challenge Hanoi's credentials to sit in the United Nations.

The proper approach for peace in Indochina is neutralism under the political formula reached in 1954 during the Geneva conference. There would again be two Vietnams with both Laos and Cambodia as independent and non-aligned nations. One Vietnam could be socialist, the other nationalist. However, both Vietnams should also be committed to a legal regime of international neutrality along the lines of Switzerland and Austria. No state would henceforth be threatened by Hanoi, and military expenditures in Southeast Asia would be reduced. The Association of Southeast Asian nations has long since called for a zone of neutrality in that heterogeneous part of the world. All significant emigré Vietnamese nationalist leaders who have been consulted have accepted the broad outlines of such a proposal, except that many would prefer to have a unified neutral Vietnam instead of two separate states.

A two-Vietnam arrangement would be to the benefit of every concerned power save Moscow and the current Hanoi ruling group. Hanoi will never agree to the end of its dominion until force of arms leaves it with no other choice. Conversely, those Indochinese who would bring a measure of humanity and justice to their countries have nothing left but an appeal to Heaven—and its corollary, the violent struggle for political liberty. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

# AFFIRMATIVE VOTING RIGHTS

by Terry Eastland

Extension of key enforcement provisions of the Voting Rights Act, scheduled to expire August 6, has never been in doubt. The only question has been the form extension should take, and the current betting would have to favor the version overwhelmingly passed last fall by the House of Representatives, a bill that now has more than 60 Senate supporters.

If this version should prevail, however, the great promise of the Voting Rights Act would be tragically denied. For there would no longer be any reason to hope that the act might facilitate a more integrated vote—one in which voters define their interests in terms other than their own race and ethnicity. Indeed, there would be good reason to fear that the polarization of society along racial and ethnic lines would increase dramatically.

In the first few years after the act's passage, the dream of an integrated vote seemed plausible. In conformity with the original purpose of the Voting Rights Act—to improve black access to the polls—racially discriminatory roadblocks began falling wherever they existed, mainly, of course, in the South. Consequently, black registration began to increase by the thousands. In Mississippi—to cite one of the most heartening results—the percentage of blacks registering to vote jumped from seven percent the year before the act was passed to almost 60 percent in 1967.

Soon enough, however, the Justice Department, which has enforcement authority for the act, ceased to be concerned with ensuring equal political opportunity. Instead, taking its cue from a 1969 Supreme Court decision, it turned to a new issue—the prevention of what it called "vote dilution."

According to Section 5 of the act, nine Southern states and parts of thirteen others must "preclear" any changes in their voting procedures with the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department. As it worked out, "preclearance" has been required even in changes involving annexations, reapportionments, and shifts from ward to at-large voting. Invariably, the Justice Department has asked whether any such change would "dilute" the voting strength of minority groups (blacks, in most cases). This question assumes that blacks will—and *should*—vote for blacks. Any voting change that fails to maximize the chances of electing minority group candidates has been instantly suspect, and in most cases rejected.

Amazingly enough, as extension legislation moved through the House of Representatives not one voice was raised objecting to the Justice Department's handling of Section 5 cases. In fact, the House voted not simply to extend Section 5, heretofore merely a temporary provision, but to engrave it permanently into the U.S. Code. And despite opposition efforts by an embattled and tiny group of representatives, the House voted to make "bail-out" from Section 5, already difficult, virtually impossible.

As a result, it is likely that Section 5 jurisdictions will henceforth have virtually no hope of escaping Justice Department pressure to achieve what amounts to proportional representation by race. Section 5, always said to be a temporary measure that would ease the nation into an era in which race won't matter, has become a permanent measure designed to ensure that any new election guidelines will place a premium on skin color and ethnic background.

The problems with Section 5 are

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small, however, compared with what the House has done to Section 2. A permanent provision of the Voting Rights Act, Section 2 is a codification of the Fifteenth Amendment, which prohibits the adoption of any election law or procedure that denies or hampers a person's right to vote on account of race or color. It applies to *all* states, not just those covered by Section 5. It also applies to any discriminatory voting practice that might have been established prior to 1965, no matter how long ago its adoption.

Like the Fifteenth Amendment, Section 2 requires that an intent to discriminate be demonstrated to prove a violation. In rewriting Section 2, the House Judiciary Committee has dropped this requirement. Now a violation would be established if, as the committee's report explains, "the alleged unlawful conduct has the effect or impact of discrimination on the basis of race, color, or membership in a language minority group."

The implications of this "strengthening" of Section 2 are plain enough. Any political unit—a city, say, or a county—with an at-large voting system that fails to elect minority candidates in approximate proportion to the number of their group in the general population will be vulnerable to a Section 2 lawsuit, and will probably be required to establish a district electoral scheme. To put the matter another way, schemes that "dilute" the vote of minorities will immediately draw fire and probably be outlawed. Courts will probably examine Section 2 claims in terms of "vote dilution," and because the majority of the nation's cities and many counties elect their representatives in an at-large manner, hundreds of lawsuits might ensue.

As disturbing as the revision in Section 2 is, very few members of the House found reason to object—four, if my count is accurate. But the voices of Thomas Bliley, Caldwell Butler, Dick Cheney, and Jim Collins were merely crying in the Washington wilderness. Although it spent seven weeks in hearings, the House Judiciary Committee needed only one day to consider the revision to Section 2. Only three witnesses appeared, and all three favored the change. Press treatment was no better. Mr. Butler, a member of the committee, composed a dissent for the committee report, but it went unreported in the *Washington Post*. When he and his colleagues raised objections on the House floor during the two debates on the bill held October 2 and 5, their points barely received passing mention in the *Post*. Thus, no one following the extension legislation could have confidently guessed what was happening to Section 2. Meanwhile, the White House, reticent about taking a position on the extension legislation, did not object to the rewriting of Section 2 until two weeks after the legislation had passed the House, and then only very quietly.

Since late January, when the Senate Judiciary Committee began considering extension legislation, Section 2 has received wider attention. But even now, despite some debate on the issue, there is a conspicuous lack of candor among the defenders of a revised Section 2.

To begin with, few proponents of the House version of extension openly admit that Section 2 has been rewritten to *overturn* a two-year-old Supreme Court ruling in *Mobile* v. *Bolden* which held that a Section 2 violation requires a demonstration of discriminatory intent. The favorite language—whether of the House Judiciary Committee report, the *Post* editorial page, or civil rights lobbyists—is that the Section 2 revision would merely "clarify" the law (and, thus, the Fifteenth Amendment) by "re-


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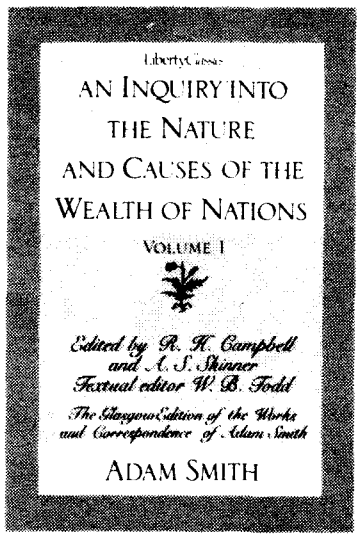


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turning" it to the pre-*Mobile* standard. (Suffice to say, when conservatives try to "clarify" the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment as it might apply to fetuses, or when they try to "return" to the status quo before *Roe* v. *Wade,* they are charged with attempting to undermine the very foundations of the Republic. Overturning the Supreme Court seems to depend on the political ends being served.)

Second, there has been in some quarters a strange silence about what the possible repercussions of a revised Section 2 might be. No reader of the House Judiciary Committee report can fail to grasp that Section 2 was rewritten to make winners out of the losers in *Mobile*. These losers and their allies—the ACLU, the NAACP, and others—have declared without qualification that *Mobile* would keep them from successfully challenging hundreds of at-large systems. Nevertheless, the *Post,* for one, has said not a word about the rash of lawsuits that would likely result from the House version of Section 2. Nor has it noted that the purpose of these lawsuits would be to effect proportional representation by race, or something close to it. In fact, on January 26 the *Post* casually wrote: "Opponents of [Section 2] say this would require courts to strike down any voting system that didn't result in proportional representation. Not true."

But consider this: After *Mobile* was decided in 1980 the *Post* commented that the ruling "derails the legal theory that civil rights lawyers had hoped would force a shift from at-large elections to ward or district elections in cities all over the country"; that it "cut[s] down dozens, perhaps hundreds, of legal challenges that would have been made against existing systems of government or multimember legislative districts"; and that it "avoid[s] the logical terminal point of those challenges: that election district lines must be drawn to give proportional representation to minorities." At the least the *Post* should read its own files. On the other hand, these words from the past might be unsettling: They were voiced in partial sympathy with the Court's decision.

Third, there has been an attempt to argue that Section 2, as revised, is consistent with the legislative history of the Voting Rights Act. Not true, as the *Post* might say. In trying to justify a Section 2 "effects" test, the House Judiciary Committee, in the most disingenuous sentence in its report, cites Attorney General Katzenbach's 1965 congressional testimony that Section 2 would apply to any voting practice whose "purpose or effect was to deny or abridge the right to vote on account of race or color." But Katzenbach was referring to practices affecting equal access to the ballot—not, as the committee report would have us believe, to "vote dilution."

Fourth, there has been a refusal to understand what the Supreme Court was doing in *Mobile*. Contrary to what defenders of the House extension contend, no Court decision has ever required anything other than an "intent" standard for Section 2 or the Fifteenth Amendment. Although the Court has on occasion used the "effects" standard that the House now wants written into Section 2, it has done so only when considering voting rights claims in a Fourteenth Amendment context. Moreover, in a series of other Fourteenth Amendment cases involving racial issues, the Court has always demanded a showing of discriminatory intent or purpose.

*Mobile,* as Edward J. Erler of the National Humanities Center pointed out in Senate subcommittee hearings in January, called for a halt to readings of the Constitution and the Voting Rights Act that would not only allow but *require* proportional representation by race. Accordingly, as Erler said, the most reasonable and effective way for the Court to do this was "to restore the authority of those cases requiring proof of discriminatory purposes as a necessary prerequisite to a claim of voting discrimination." As Justice Stevens wrote in his opinion in *Mobile,* "The fact is that the Court has sternly set its face against the claim, however phrased, that the Constitution somehow guarantees proportional representation."

Finally, none of the proponents of Section 2 have addressed the most important question of all—what kind of society would the House bill help create? No one in this debate has declared himself in favor of proportional representation by race, at least not in public. One can only conclude that everyone recognizes that such representation would violate the basic premises upon which the nation was founded. Why would it violate these premises? To force an answer is to expose unquestioned racial assumptions—that blacks should vote for blacks, that blacks should represent blacks, that there must be a "black" view of things (and a Hispanic one, an Indian one, an Asian one)—which no one, at least not in the polite world of Washington, is willing to defend explicitly. What proponents of a revised Section 2 prefer is to go about maximizing black and minority voting strength by carving out black majority districts, all the while protesting that proportional representation is not the object of this game. But whatever it is called, or, as Justice Stevens might say, however it is phrased, there is no difference in principle between preventing "vote dilution" and working toward proportional representation. The principle in both instances is that voting is a group exercise defined by race.

The House version of the Voting Rights Act extension is a towering monument to this principle. It contradicts what Justice Stevens stated in *Mobile,* that "there is no national interest in creating an incentive to define political groups by racial char-

*Congressman Robert Dornan [R., Calif.] is one of the participants in the Politics Program at Christendom. Solidly trained, he bases his political activity squarely on the natural law.*

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acter." It also places a premium on what amounts to the maintenance of segregation, since integration makes it more difficult to draw districts by race. It assumes that proportional representation by race will result in greater legislative benefits for blacks and other minorities, although for this to happen minority representatives would have to form coalitions *not* based on race—precisely what the legislation would prevent voters from doing. Further, the House bill unfairly implies that at-large systems are inherently inferior to district electoral schemes. In an at-large election, a citizen can cast votes in every election, and thus influence every outcome; in a district election, a citizen is confined to influencing only his district's outcome. The House bill thus invites a sort of separate but equal politics—hardly what the architects of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 envisioned.

Civil rights leaders have turned the House bill into an emotional issue, urging its passage with sermons, marches, and so on. Few politicians have had the courage to ask many questions, and the Reagan Administration is, given its handling of tax exemption for racially discriminatory schools, in a tenuous position to rally opposition. The issue seems to be in the hands of the Senate, but fortunately there may be an easy way out for all those senators nervous about opposing the House bill. Civil rights lobbyists started out last year by saying that they wanted the Voting Rights Act extended as is, no changes allowed. This would be a splendid alternative. □

# THE REAL WORLD

## PATRIOTIC MATERIALISM

by Ben J. Wattenberg

The lily-white suburbs aren't. The white noose has become a polka-dot scarf. That explains a lot. The census results show that from 1970 to 1980 the number of whites living in suburbs went up by 13 percent. During the same time the number of blacks went up by 44 percent. There were about four million blacks in suburbs in 1970; today, there are six million. Now, it would be terribly misleading to suggest that these six million black people are all grilling steaks in the spacious backyards of four-bedroom split-levels with full two-car garages. Suburbs aren't like that. They have poor people. And people living in small apartments. And crime. And some of the whites are just moving to farther-out suburbs to be away from blacks.

But it's also true that suburbia was, is, and will be the locale of the American dream. Remember, that's where June Allyson and Fred MacMurray wanted to get the little white house with the picket fence. It's where schools are better. There is no shortage of doctors in suburbia. Most folks there own a spot of green. All in all, it's a pretty good statistical index of where, to use an ugly phrase from market research, the up-scale people live.

In the society as a whole, there is no question that blacks are still behind whites. There is also little doubt that they have been catching up. So, too, in the suburbs. Blacks are still proportionately less likely to live there than whites, but the trend is clear. The 1970 census showed 18 percent of blacks living in suburbs; the 1980 data shows 23 percent.

The move to the suburbs shouldn't surprise anyone. Historically, when Americans become better off, they move to the suburbs. And despite all the recent talk about cuts in "the programs," the reality of black life in America has much improved in recent years. In an NBC-Associated Press public-opinion poll of blacks last year, 60 percent of the respondents said that blacks in America are "better off" than ten years ago versus 17 percent who said blacks were "worse off." Those are opinions, but those views are backed up by data concerning housing, jobs, and education—and income too, although the data there gets tricky.

White attitudes toward blacks have also changed. A Louis Harris poll from 1963 showed that about half of the whites in America (47 percent) would be upset "only a little" or "not at all" if "blacks moved into this neighborhood." By 1978 the white Americans holding that essentially nonracist view had climbed to 70 percent. That unfortunately still leaves about 30 percent of whites who don't like blacks, but the numbers have changed in a big way.

Two thoughts occur to me about these developments, one about blacks in suburbs, another about blacks in slums.

Blacks have made progress in America. The move-to-suburbia numbers show that quite clearly. My sense is that blacks are making progress because of their own hard work in a society that rather suddenly "opened up" for them. Blacks were denied that equal opportunity in America for centuries. When that opportunity was made available, millions of blacks took advantage of it. It is ungracious and unfair to suggest that those black advances were simply bestowed by an almighty government passing out goodies to assuage earlier guilt.

The blacks moving to the suburbs are machinists, policemen, salesmen, teachers, computer programmers, and auto workers, many of them in families with both husband and wife working damn hard to make ends meet, with children who are, or will be, attending college at almost the same rate as whites. Whitney Young of the Urban League once told me that Martin Luther King had told him, "Never forget that Negroes in America are materialistic, religious, and patriotic." Which is not a bad description of whites, either.

Oddly enough, that same very healthy move to the suburbs has created bigger-than-ever problems in the worst areas of the big-city slums. If opportunity long denied becomes available, if many blacks take advantage of opportunity, if they accordingly leave the bad neighborhoods in which they lived—what happens? What happens is that in a strange way both the appearance and reality of those worst neighborhoods become even worse.

Try to visualize it: Suppose 100 blacks lived in a "bad" inner-city slum neighborhood in, say, 1960. In the course of 20 years, half move out, either to suburbs or to better in-city neighborhoods. The ones who leave are the ambitious, the educated, the healthy, the well-employed, the leaders of the church, and the Boy Scouts.

Who stays? Disproportionally, the aged, the unemployed, the ill-employed, the sick, the broken families, as well as the social and criminal derelicts—winos, bums, junkies, muggers.

Interestingly, the statistical portrait not only of leavers but of stayers may have improved. After all, in the last two decades a vast array of services has been introduced to help the poor: Medicaid, rent supplements, food stamps, to name but a few. In addition, minimum wages went way up. Social Security has also escalated sharply and in a way that particularly helps the elderly poor. You don't have to love "big government" to accept the fact that these programs have helped poor people become less poor.

But when you visit a neighborhood of worst-area-stayers, that is not what you sense or feel. A neighborhood whose bright, ambitious, and stable members have moved upward and onward is a sick area, even if the statistics are better. Its economy and its values both erode. For whatever solace it is, that seems to be the way social progress in America works, for blacks and for whites. Do well, move out.

Over the long haul it works out pretty well. But in the short term, the hurricane swirls into the vacuum. □

*Ben J. Wattenberg is a senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute. This article is adapted from Mr. Wattenberg's bi-monthly United Feature Syndicate column.*



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# BAKER UP, MOYERS DOWN

by Fred Barnes

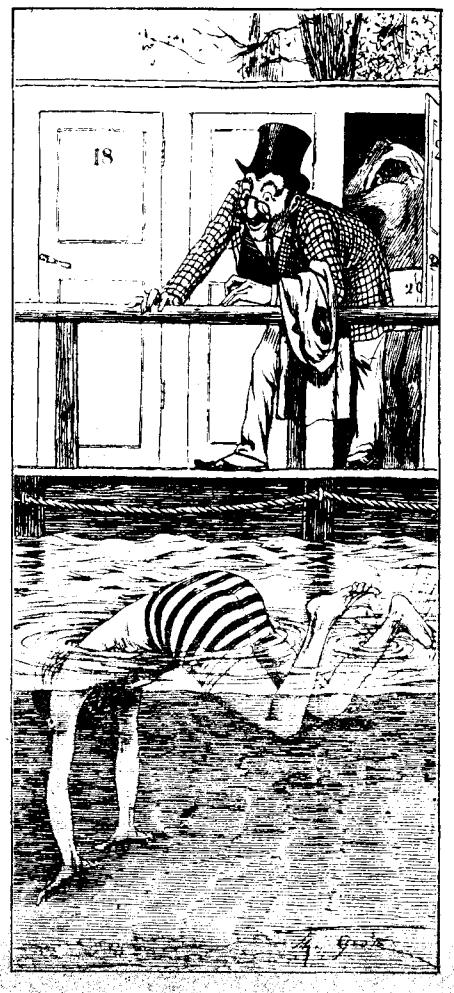
Anyone eager to learn how to get along with the Washington press corps should study the habits of James A. Baker III, the White House chief of staff. With Democratic pol Robert S. Strauss out of power and thus no longer an everyday player, Baker is peerless in his mastery of Washington journalists, a true Clyde Beatty among press-tamers. And it's not just that he remembers the first name of reporters from obscure papers in the hinterlands, though he does that better than anyone else in Washington, too.

Given his job, mere charm is not enough. Since the days of H.R. Haldeman in the Nixon White House, the Boss of the presidential staff has been a lightning rod for criticism and often seen as a sinister figure. Alexander M. Haig, Jr., Haldeman's replacement, was suspected of arranging a pardon for Richard Nixon. Donald Rumsfeld, President Ford's first chief of staff, alienated reporters with his let-me-unravel-the-flaws-in-your-question approach to the press. Richard Cheney, while able and well liked, was viewed as a Rumsfeld clone. Then came Hamilton Jordan, who got off on the wrong foot by pretending not to be chief of staff when every reporter in town knew that he really was. By the time Jimmy Carter officially gave him the title, Jordan was the butt of reporters' ridicule.

Despite such history, the Baker formula has worked splendidly, if only because it is so simple and aboveboard. First, Baker is accessible; he sets aside time on schedule each week for one-on-one sessions with reporters. And he doesn't limit his contact to the heavyweights of Washington journalism—the bureau chiefs and columnists who appear on the television chat shows. Baker spends time with the regulars on the White House beat.

Second, he is unfailingly honest. Baker has earned a reputation for never putting a phony spin on events at the White House or overstating President Reagan's chances for success in Congress. This contrasts, of course, with the practice of Edwin Meese III, the White House counselor derided by reporters as "Good News Ed," a man whose knee-jerk optimism bears little resemblance to reality. Finally, Baker is informative; reporters go away knowing more than they did. This doesn't mean he leaks incessantly. There is a vast difference between giving reporters an accurate White House view of things, which Baker gives, and leaking.

All this works wonders. When *Time* appraised "the President's men" last December, Baker received the most favorable treatment, notably for his adherence to the politics-is-motion ideal. "Baker's instinct is for action," the magazine said. "He is bored by details, impatient with lengthy memos. When his aides get into a windy discussion, he will sometime leave a meeting and pace restlessly around the White House halls or thumb absent-mindedly through papers in a nearby office before rejoining the group. On days when no crisis impends, he has been heard to mutter: 'I miss the campaign. This can be boring.'"




Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times* credited Baker with seizing on the New Federalism scheme for turning back federal programs to the states and making it the centerpiece of the President's State of the Union Address. "It is significant that Mr. Baker, as the President's chief political strategist, forced the pace of the policymaking and oversaw the development of the proposal put forward by Mr. Reagan Jan. 26," Smith wrote in February. "For this episode illustrates how much his role and organizational authority have expanded this past year, while that of Mr. Meese has waned." Another illustration of Baker's clout—and press recognition of it—appeared in the *Washington Post Magazine* in December in a piece on "a new kind of Lone Star politician in the White House—the Texas preppie." It was supposedly about Baker and Vice President George Bush, but Baker completely eclipsed Bush in the article.

Alone in Washington, Baker has the problem not of generating good press but of spawning too much. "Paradoxically, success could prove Baker's undoing," wrote Paul West of the *Dallas Times Herald* in January. "In Washington, recognition and influence often breed heightened expectations and greater risk. And having devoted most of his national political career to keeping Reagan out of the White House, he is already a juicy target for conservative critics. 'The higher the monkey climbs,' Baker likes to joke, 'the more you see of his behind.'"

Conservatives, always skeptical of Baker because of his background as campaign manager for Gerald Ford in 1976 and Bush in 1980, are indeed taking aim. They are vividly aware of Baker's distinct political temperament: He is a pragmatic conservative, not an ideological one. *Human Events*, the conservative weekly, once defended Baker, but now warns darkly about "Bakerization" of the White House. In its February issue, *Conservative Digest* railed against Baker and other "non-Reaganites," saying that Baker "has been identified as a principal source of leaks trying to get the President to raise taxes."

But not all conservative journalists have given up on Baker. "As odd as it may seem, the supply-siders . . . retain their confidence in and respect for Jim Baker precisely because they see him as being driven by his own ambition to succeed as *this* President's chief of staff," wrote Jude Wanniski in February. "He will never, ever understand the economics of monetary policy, nor should he be expected to. But he can and will come to understand the politics of monetary policy and understand that change could put him ahead of the power curve, although he may never understand exactly why."

• • •

Bill Moyers, who recently returned to CBS after a stint with public broadcasting, is surely one of the saintliest figures in television news. He is earnest, quietly inquisitive, and normally measured in his judgments. He also qualifies, perhaps because of his personal integrity, as something of a journalistic sacred cow.

But his niche in the pantheon of sacred cows has become shaky after a high-voltage broadcast in December in which he suggested that Congress and both political parties had been corrupted by natural gas interests. "Dan [Rather], if you want to know why so many people are fed up with both political parties and have stopped voting and if you have a strong stomach, I have a case in point," he began his spot. The gist of it was that John McMillian, chairman of the Northwest Alaska Pipeline Company, and his co-investors had contributed $80,000 to congressional candidates and campaign committees and hired politically well-connected

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lobbyists in a bid to win House and Senate approval of a new financing provision for the pipeline transporting natural gas from Alaska to the 42 consuming states. Moyers noted that McMillian's firm had reneged on an earlier pledge to fund the construction privately and now wanted permission to bill consumers, if necessary, for the building of the project. Congress agreed. "The two-party system is not only up for grabs—it's up for sale," concluded Moyers.

Tom Shales, the witty television columnist for the *Washington Post,* wrote enthusiastically about the Moyers broadcast, saying it "proved how potent and important TV news can be. . . . Most of the other news media had ignored the alarming aspects of the story, but with his one report Moyers inspired an avalanche of mail to Congress and to CBS and, says a spokesman for Ralph Nader, probably changed the House vote on the Senate-approved measure, though not enough to kill it."

Shales's admiration for the broadcast was not shared, for one, by Curtis B. Gans, director of the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate. In an op-ed piece in the *Baltimore Sun,* Gans honored Moyers with "the 1981 Nadir Award for the lowest in television journalism . . . for his simplistic, cynical and one-sided account of the congressional debate on the Alaska natural gas pipeline." It was a complex issue with a degree of right on both sides, Gans said. "On the one hand, legislators were being asked to accept a dubious scheme for pre-billing consumers for services not yet rendered. On the other, if they refused to vote the waiver package, they were jeopardizing America's relations with Canada, voting certain death for the pipeline and with it the opportunity to provide a new large supply of natural gas. A close call." But one in which both houses of Congress voted overwhelmingly to approve the new financing.

"All of which brings us back to Mr. Moyers' story," continued Gans. "Why, if the vote was as one-sided in favor of the waiver package as it was, did he allow only opponents to speak? Why did he fail to present any of the complexities of the issue? Why did he choose explicitly to leave the impression that anyone who voted for the waivers had been bought by Mr. McMillian? Why did he choose to impugn the integrity of the overwhelming majority of both houses of Congress who voted for the waiver package? Why did he fail to show how broad the congressional consensus . . . really was?" All good questions.

"The story of Mr. McMillian's lobbying activities and their supposed impact on the outcome originated with Ralph Nader, a fierce opponent of the waivers," Gans wrote. "Mr. Moyers bought the story lock, stock and barrel. But while it is legitimate for Mr. Nader, the lobbyist, to engage in propaganda, it is not legitimate for Mr. Moyers to act as a non-critical conduit. The journalist's role is to act as a filter which separates truth from fiction."

• • •

A venerable practice of the press is trying to assess who is up and who is down in the reigning administration. Often, the reading of entrails supplies a clear answer: Baker up, Meese down; Treasury Secretary Donald Regan up, Budget Director David A. Stockman down. But sometimes the matter is murky, as in the case of Vice President Bush and Secretary of State Haig. My own view is that Bush has all the influence that his office bestows, which isn't much, and that Haig's hegemony in foreign policy is threatened by William P. Clark, the new national security adviser at the White House. →


# Are You a CULTURAL Conservative ?

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You are aware that there has always been a "traditionalist" current in America representing the stance of conservatives who put a premium on Christian culture. You may even remember that in the mid-1960s, traditionalists rallied to produce a monthly journal of opinion—called *Triumph*—which, sadly, expired in the mid-70s, a victim of the times and its own excesses.

With the demise of *Triumph*, traditionalists have had no voice among the prestigious journals of ideas. But, happily, the NEW OXFORD REVIEW has come along to remedy this situation.

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But both David Broder of the *Washington Post* and John McLaughlin of *National Review* see Bush as a front-line player. Broder detected in December "a seeming resurgence of influence for a man who has more than once been dismissed as a fringe player in the administration." McLaughlin went further, insisting that conservatives are warming to Bush. "They looked on Bush as light and Left," he wrote in January. "Instead, he is turning out heavy and Right . . . an agreeable alternative should the President decide to serve only one term." John W. Mashek, the respected political editor of *U.S. News & World Report,* disagrees. "Some political analysts argue that the vice president, who pledged from the outset to keep a low profile, is growing so inconspicuous that he is nearly dropping out of sight," Mashek wrote in December. "Some GOP conservatives continue to distrust him as a centrist."

The jury on Haig is even more widely divided. Last January 29, Karen Elliott House of the *Wall Street Journal* wrote that "rather than dominating the formulation of foreign policy, he [Haig] often finds himself alone, lashing out at Reagan aides he feels are unwisely denying him preeminence." That same day, R. Gerald Livingstone of Georgetown University's school of foreign service wrote on the op-ed page of the *New York Times* that Haig, "teetering on the brink of resignation or dismissal seven months ago . . . today is in a position to dominate foreign policy making." This view was shared by John Walcott of *Newsweek,* who wrote in February that "Haig is clearly in charge—at least for the moment." But perhaps not for long, added Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. "With Clark, his former State Department deputy, in control of machinery in the White House and non-political professionals installed at the top of his State Department, Haig's dominance is said to be complete," they wrote. "The contrary is closer to the truth: Clark's insistence that policy will now follow the instincts and ideological convictions of his old California friend may weaken, not strengthen, Al Haig."

• • •

Ever wonder how the press could have been so wrong about President Reagan and a tax increase? Well, the stories that said Reagan was ready to jack up excise taxes turned out to be incorrect, but they actually had some basis in fact. Obviously not enough, though.

For instance, there was the Associated Press story in early January that reported: "President Reagan tentatively agreed yesterday to include in his 1983 budget proposals a doubling of major federal excise taxes and a shift of major highway, welfare and education responsibilities to the states, administration sources said."

That was not made out of whole-cloth. What Reagan had done, according to White House aides, was give "conceptual approval" to a scheme for transferring federal programs back to the states and raising taxes to give the states more money to finance the programs. The President, one aide said, had "reconciled himself to the concept," but not to the specifics.

There followed similar stories with different sourcing. In mid-January the *New York Times* reported: "President Reagan has decided to go ahead with a proposal that would raise some taxes and give some of the revenue to the states, administration officials and congressional sources said yesterday."

That, of course, was wrong. So was the story in the *New York Times* two days later. It said: "Administration officials reported tonight that President Reagan, wrapping up the final decisions on his proposed 1983 budget, has decided to ask Congress for temporary increases in federal excise taxes on gasoline, cigarettes, whiskey and wine, but not beer."

Reagan had indeed discussed all this with his legislative strategy group for two hours. He pared $40 billion off a package of "revenue enhancers" that was initially pegged at $100 billion, cutting out such items as an oil import fee, aides said. But he never signed off on the excise tax boost.

And the next day, January 21, the whole tax proposal fell apart after Reagan was lobbied over rolls at the White House mess by leaders of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. This, too, leaked, but the press got the story right that Reagan was tilting against a tax hike. □

# CHARTER VICTIMS OF COMMUNISM

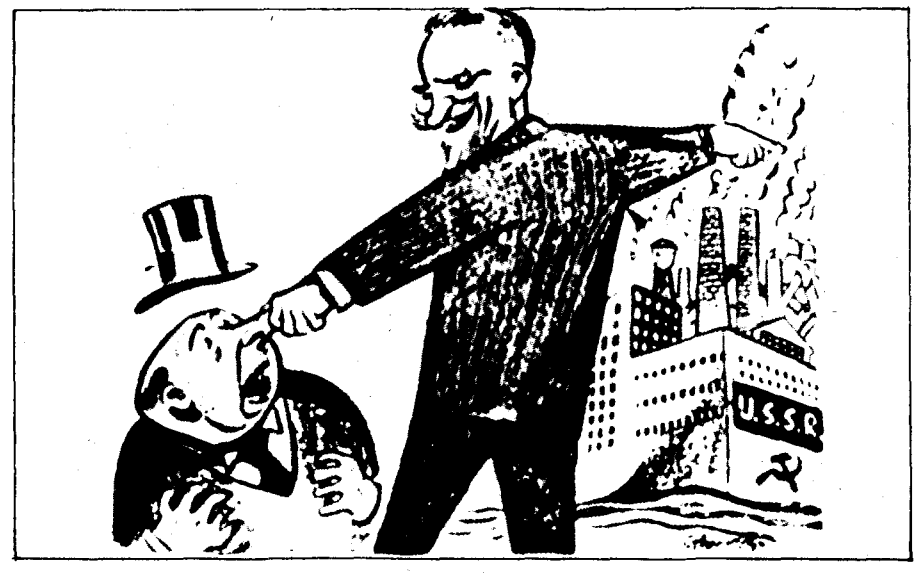
by Colin Welch

We weep for the poor Poles, living and partly living under martial law. We blame "the Russians" for imposing it on them. Fair enough, provided we define what we mean by "the Russians." For the Russians themselves have been living under a terrible form of martial law for some 65 years.

No more than the Poles did they choose their present form of government. It was forced on them by ruthless terror and by such terror it is still maintained. It is thus absurd to say that the Russians are oppressing the Poles. Far truer to say that those who oppress the Russians also oppress the Poles. We should weep for all their victims.

The oppressors are mostly Russians by birth, granted (though one or two of the very worst were, alas, of Polish origin—Dzerzhinski, Vishinski). But even the Russian oppressors have become aliens, as foreign as any army of occupation and infinitely more unfeeling, callous, and cruel than most such armies. By the same token General Jaruzelski must have become an alien, a foreigner to the Poles.

To say that the oppressors care absolutely nothing for the welfare, happiness, and prosperity of the Russian, Polish, and other sad peoples subject to them is—well—debatable. They may think hungry people dangerous to them, or they may not. History suggests that it is not so much despair as hope which breeds unrest.




The oppressors' record is strongly against them. It would be a strange love and solicitude indeed which expressed itself in the murder or starvation of millions—50? 60? 100 million?—in driving many of the very best into exile, in depriving those who survive and remain of all save inner freedom and dignity, in the extinction of whole historic nations, in ferocious attacks on religion, the arts, and thought.

It may be true that the oppressors themselves are slaves of an ideology which has, or once had or purported to have, the happiness of Russians and all mankind as one of its purposes. It may otherwise be true

*Colin Welch is Editor-in-Chief of* Chief Executive *and former deputy editor of the London* Daily Telegraph *from which this article is reprinted.*



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that they are the slaves of their need to retain and maximize their own power, of their conviction that only chaos and old night could follow their overthrow. Some may be slaves of fear, fearful of losing their privileges, fearful of terrible retribution should they ever relax.

Whichever it is, their slavery renders them blind to suffering, deaf to the cries of misery, strangers to pity and benevolence.

How dreadful it must be, whether you are Russian, Polish, or of any other nationality subjugated to the Communists, to be governed by people who, if not utterly indifferent to your well-being, behave as if they actually hated you!

Often the ordinary Russian is likened to a man shouting and screaming in a soundproof room. No one hears or heeds him: The blank walls mockingly echo back his futile pleas and laments.

How can such a man "oppress" the Poles? Dislike them he may. The Polish scenes in Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* express his traditional fear and mistrust of seductive Polish princesses, wily Jesuits, and the like. But who cares a damn what he thinks or feels? By now there must be people nearer home whom he fears and mistrusts more than any Poles; and I bet he would not begrudge the Poles their freedom if his own came with it!

On a more mundane plane, he is said to want more consumer goods, more food, somewhere decent to live. Again, of his rulers, who cares a damn?

Look again at the tragedy of Russia's once relatively bountiful agriculture. According to the *official* yearbook, Russians in 1980 ate less meat, milk, butter, cheese, and even potatoes than in 1979, itself a year of want.

In Moscow itself, a privileged city, the shortages and queues for meat and vegetables are worse than ever; except on the black market, the meat is largely gristle and bone. Outside Moscow the situation is grimmer by far. According to the *Economist,* the meat ration in many parts of south Russia and Siberia is, if honored, one kilogram per mouth per month. In Kazan it is normal to queue for an hour or more for butter and milk; fruit and most vegetables are virtually unobtainable. In the sinister "closed" areas, which cover most of the country, there seems near famine.

The Russians are thus near starving. By now the Poles, once more fortunate, are perhaps as near or nearer. The same wicked system engenders both great deserts of want. Now, to perpetuate itself in Poland, it surreptitiously filches food from the hungry Russians and gives it to the hungry Poles, robbing the more cowed to subjugate the more turbulent.

It is not a pretty sight, nor made prettier by the nauseating spectacle of the West making good in part the resultant hideous deficiencies. Thus it helps to perpetuate the system which causes these deficiencies and which hates not only its own people but the West as well.

It is senseless to charge the oppressed with oppressing the oppressed. What we must rather work and pray for is the collapse of the whole vast Russian prison house, with Russia, Poland, and so many other precious nations languishing in its dark cells.

As Peter Simple put it: "'Great is the truth and shall prevail.' Even the Soviet Union, the greatest organized Lie in human history, must surely collapse under the weight of its own multiple fraudulence. What a day of glory that will be!" □


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# BOOK REVIEWS

## FROM BAUHAUS TO OUR HOUSE
Tom Wolfe / Farrar Straus Giroux / $10.95

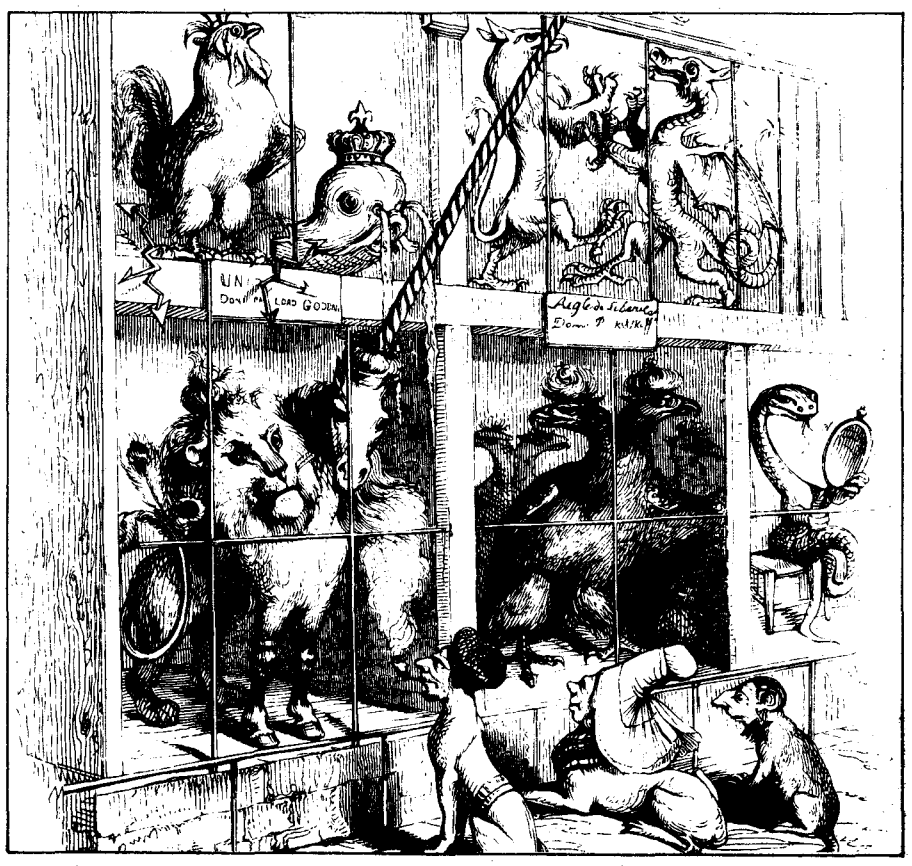
Gavin Stamp

On my last trip from London to America I soon found that the infallible method of creating a *frisson* of shock and disapproval at dinner was to say that, in *From Bauhaus to Our House,* Tom Wolfe had largely got it right. My architect and architectural historian friends are all too much part of that avant-garde architectural world whose assumptions Wolfe explores and ruthlessly satirizes. Their hostile reaction to his book merely confirms the accuracy of his most useful definition: the art-compound, those self-justifying and self-fulfilling elites of architects (or artists), confident of their place in line with the march of history, contemptuous of the uninformed attitudes of clients and others outside the compound walls; those who have made the public "willing to accept that glass of ice water in the face, that bracing slap across the mouth, that reprimand for the fat on one's bourgeois soul, known as modern architecture."

In this book, Wolfe attempts to do a *Painted Word* on the complacent modern architectural establishment and answer the question why it is that, in the United States' greatest and richest century, the public has been made to accept unquestioningly an architecture, derived from austere Continental dogmas, which they usually hate. Wolfe is far from the first to attack the orthodoxies of modern architecture. David Watkin's *Morality and Architecture* (1977) exposed the irrelevance of that mischievous element of moral purpose—whether Christian, Socialist, or just Hegelian-historicist—with which progressive architects have justified their aesthetic preferences for over a century, but Wolfe's attack on the pretensions of architectural fashion is utterly deflating and very funny. His analysis of the power of "anti-bourgeois" snobbery in advancing the clinical, minimal aesthetic of modernism is perfectly on target —the snobbery which lies behind the smug liberalism we know and love on both sides of the Atlantic. Yet it does seem odd that such attitudes should have had so much success in the United States, where, on the whole, the last century of architecture has been such a perfect expression of the raw vigor of capitalism.

In poor Britain, where the state has put up so much modern architecture since 1945, our version of this snobbery has been generally accepted. The self-defense of our own aging compound of modernists, who give each other knighthoods, is "social consciousness." His apparent lack of it is now being used as an argument against the current popular revival of interest in our last great architect, Edwin Lutyens. To the man in the street, the public high-rise housing erected by the London County Council and the office buildings erected by developers are equally horrible, but the like of Sir Hugh Casson, president of the Royal Academy, are able to distinguish somehow between the good, or "herbivor," architects of the former and the vulgar "carnivor" architects of the latter. On the whole, therefore, Wolfe's book is just as apposite over here.

What a pity, then, that *From Bauhaus to Our House* displays some rather weak and simplistic history—which enables Wolfe's victims to dismiss it altogether. Wolfe continually refers to "worker housing" of the 1920s as being the basis of all modern architecture, but while it is true that the desirability of inflicting a non-bourgeois, minimal industrialized architecture on the unfortunate proletariat (who have always fought back: as with the notorious Pruitt-Igoe estate in St. Louis) has obsessed avant-garde architects, that tradition cannot really explain the present appearance of, say, Chicago. Mies van der Rohe, the principal exotic influence on the modern architecture of American capitalism, was at heart a Classicist and he reduced the steel frame of the skyscraper to a refined, precisely proportioned grid of bronzed metal and tinted glass—which is much too sophisticated, and expensive, for workers.




It was the genius of the Prussian, "Less is More" Mies to graft his style onto the indigenous American skyscraper tradition and so create such totally American monuments as the Seagram Building, and I fear that Wolfe underestimates the Americanness of American architecture. With the glorious exceptions of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, American architects have always been dependent upon European influence but have often created buildings which are different, special, and sometimes better than the prototypes on the other side of the Atlantic. American Neo-Classical architecture has a dry, original character of its own; H.H. Richardson made Romanesque into the most vigorous and rugged of all Victorian architecture; the Shingle Style was a peculiarly American and very creative development of the style of Norman Shaw, and even the Classicism of McKim, Mead, and White is of a scale and a confidence that could only be American. Wolfe is quite wrong to suggest that it is only since the 1930s that American architects have been subservient to European fashions: Almost all notable American architects of the nineteenth century trained at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris.

There is, however, something different about the pro-European snobbery of American architecture in recent decades, a snobbery which prefers theory to practice and the minimal to the exuberant, and it is refreshing to find Wolfe making a defense of Frank Lloyd Wright who, for very good reasons, could not bear Gropius or Le Corbusier. Wright had to suffer the indignity of being treated as mere history when, as Wolfe rightly notes, in 1935 he had over half of his life's work ahead of him. I have for long been surprised that there is not more interest in Wright's architecture today, for his all-American, "organic," non-academic originality is everything that Post-Modernism aspires to and fails to reach, but since 1935 he has not been considered part of the modern mainstream: His very American-ness and creativity count against him. To a European, Wright is the greatest name in American architecture and so it amazed me to find a snobbery against him still lingering in those remote scholastic mutual-admiration societies which are schools of architecture.

*Gavin Stamp is architecture critic for the* Spectator *of London.*



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Similarly, I can confirm the accuracy of Wolfe's remarks about the "apostates"—those modern architects who dared to step out of line to try to design something rich, decorative, and enjoyable—who found themselves virtually excommunicated in polite architectural society: Edward Durrell Stone, Eero Saarinen, John Portman. Americans, I am sorry to say, have fallen for the "High Tech" gimmickry of British architects like Stirling, Foster, and Rogers, so that when I say that the glazing of English buildings by Foster is less sophisticated and interesting than that of a Hyatt Regency Hotel, American architects think I am either joking, which I am not, or that I am trying to damn Foster by comparison with something palpably awful, which I do not think those wonderfully extravagant hotels are.

But the United States is not alone in this craven subservience to foreign fashions; the tyranny of Modern dogma is worldwide. British architecture also completely changed direction in the 1930s and 40s following an influx of Continental refugees, and they soon acquired native acolytes who did their best to wipe out the old guard and suppress the traditions of building in which we once excelled. The result, paradoxically perhaps, is that postwar British commercial architecture has been little else but a cheap, inefficient copy of New York and Chicago. I begin to think that a cultural inferiority complex is a condition peculiar to the Anglo-American liberal intelligentsia.

Even so, as extraordinarily badly taught as the British architectural schools are, they are not yet as pretentious and as ethereally theoretical as those in the United States. On the current state of affairs in the architectural compounds Wolfe is superb, and by quoting the words of the Whites and the Greys, the Post-Modernists, the Rationalists, and the rest, he successfully makes them seem ridiculous, and strangely irrelevant. His basic point is that, despite all the new "isms" and the apparent rejection of Modernism by many architects, the compound walls are as high and as impenetrable as ever. Traditional styles can never today be used straightforwardly; rather, a detail must be made nonsense of to show that it is "an ironic historical reference." To provide an architecture which is truly popular and decorative has yet to be attempted, despite all the verbiage in *Skyline* or *Oppositions* or any of the other journals over which architectural students in the compounds pore. As Wolfe observes in a crucial passage, "For any architect to have explored an avenue such as a new, straightforward (non-ironic), exuberant (non-camp) system of decoration for American architecture in the late twentieth century would have been a revolutionary development. It would also have been heretical. . . . no architect who tried it was likely to have any significant effect on the course of American architecture. The entire structure of the compounds and the clerisy, with all their rewards, psychic and mundane, would have to be dismantled first." Or perhaps, as the wittiest and cleverest pseudo-apostate of them all, Philip Johnson, observes, perhaps the scholasticism of the East Coast is becoming irrelevant and a vigorous American architecture is going up in places like Houston or Los Angeles.

Watkin's *Morality and Architecture* became a cult book for a time—because it was about *theories*—and was carried around by students (who probably never opened it). I cannot see the same happening with *From Bauhaus to Our House:* it is too irreverent, too funny, too accessible. A pity, for though young architects will find it disconcerting, the book has much to teach them. □

*Stephen Miller is a Resident Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.*

## THE DEAN'S DECEMBER

Saul Bellow / Harper & Row / $13.95

Stephen Miller

"The artist," Flaubert said, "must be in his work as a god in his creation, invisible yet all-powerful." Yet few great novelists have been invisible in their novels. They often insist upon their presence—commenting on a character's actions, offering a reflection about human nature. Even Flaubert did not always follow his artistic creed. But some novelists, of course, are more visible than others. Like Nabokov and Updike, Saul Bellow is often very visible in his novels. Reading his novels—or, to be precise, reading all but his first two novels, which are Flaubertian—we hear a vigorous, sardonic, brash voice, the voice of a writer refusing to be confined to the demands of plot and character creation. If Updike is the narrator-as-preacher, nudging his readers to speculate about what it all means, and Nabokov is the narrator-as-aesthete, insisting that his readers pay close attention to his exquisitely detailed observations, Bellow is the narrator-as-taxi driver, telling his readers to cut the nonsense and stop taking this or that fashionable idea seriously. Even though some of his novels are in the third person and others are in the first, it does not seem to make much of a difference; we hear Bellow talking in all of them, hear the voice of a writer who is in turn amused, exasperated, and angered by the way we live now.

As a worldly-wise taxi driver—one, moreover, who has read all the Great Books—Bellow is not afraid to pursue his own reflections while the plot languishes. He is our most essayistic novelist; his main characters are always struggling with ideas—getting angry at them or, more often than not, being confused by them, befuddled by the profusion of ideas on the loose in the modern world.

The dangers of Bellow's essayistic approach to fiction are obvious. At times his novels veer too close to monologue; we do not know who is doing the struggling with ideas—the main character or the novelist. Bellow is most successful when he creates characters who are not intellectuals, such as Tommy Wilhelm of *Seize the Day*, Hattie of "Leaving the Yellow House" (a short story), and Woodrow Selbst of "The Silver Dish," a recent short story that is one of Bellow's most powerful works of fiction. But even novels such as *Herzog* and *Humboldt's Gift*, which have intellectuals as central characters, are generally successful despite their garrulity and gimcrack plots because Bellow makes them farcical as well as serious. He doesn't endorse his central characters' opinions; he merely offers them for inspection.

Bellow's sardonic voice can be heard in his latest novel, *The Dean's December*. Explaining why he returned to live in Chicago after spending years in Paris, Albert Corde (the central character) says: "There's the big advantage of backwardness. By the time the latest ideas reach Chicago, they're worn thin and easy to see through. You don't have to bother with them and it saves lots of trouble." It would be easy to jump to the conclusion that Corde here is simply a spokesman for Bellow, because Bellow has always made much of his Chicago connection. And because Bellow often has trouble distancing himself from his main character, it is hard to know what to make of Corde's opinions. But the problem with *The Dean's December* is not simply that Bellow is, so to speak, too close to Corde; the problem is that Bellow takes Corde all too seriously. He is not a farcical figure. Far from it, he is a hero of sorts, but his heroism is not sufficiently tested in the novel. Only one other character—an old school pal who is now a famous columnist—acts as a foil to Corde, but Bellow never gives the columnist a chance to challenge Corde's views. Corde comes though the novel with flying colors—getting high marks for insight, decency, moral seriousness. The result is a novel brimming with important ideas yet inert as a work of fiction.

Corde's own situation seems farfetched, as if Bellow were desperate


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to come up with a character who might be a suitable mouthpiece for his own ideas. Corde is an ex-journalist who has become a professor of journalism at a local university in Chicago to have more time for reading and thinking. He is also—strangely enough—a dean of students. When the novel opens, Corde is in trouble with the powers-that-be at the university: He has written a bruising article for *Harper's* on the "whirling souls" of the black underclass in Chicago and has involved himself in the prosecution of two blacks accused of killing a white student of his. In short, he is an activist professor, but one who goes against the liberal grain, asking obvious questions about the realities of the underclass, not afraid to appear to be on the wrong side of many issues, though clearly he is not a racist. Indeed, he befriends two black men who themselves are trying to do something about the sordid realities of life in the underclass—a prison reformer and an ex-addict who runs a drug abuse program.

If the novel is about death in Chicago—the death of his student and the slow death of an underclass bent on destroying itself as well as other people—it is also about death in Romania. Corde spends most of the novel in Bucharest, having flown there with his wife to pay his respects to a dying mother-in-law. The world of Chicago, of course, is very different from the world of Bucharest, but Corde is disturbed by both. In Bucharest, Corde knows that there is nothing he can do about the gray death-in-life that is Stalinist Romania, and he lets others do the wheeling and dealing necessary to ensure that his mother-in-law dies in a relatively humane way and gets a decent funeral. In Chicago, however, Corde feels that he can do something. "In the American moral crisis," he thinks,

> the first requirement was to experience what was happening and to see what must be seen. The facts were covered from our perception. More than they had been in the past? Yes, because the changes, especially the increase in consciousness—and also in false consciousness—was accompanied by a peculiar kind of confusion. The increase of theories and discourse, itself a cause of new strange forms of blindness, the false representations of "communication," led to horrible distortions of public consciousness. Therefore the first act of morality was to disinter the reality, retrieve reality, dig it out from the trash, represent it anew as art would represent it.

The passage is central to an understanding of what *The Dean's December* is about, but it somehow doesn't work—in that the ideas advanced are not sufficiently assimilated into the novel. We feel that we are reading a lecture, not a novel. "All through my career as a writer," Turgenev once said, "I have never taken ideas but always characters for my starting point." *The Dean's December* reads as if it began with an idea; the characters, especially the character of Corde, were an afterthought.

Yet the ideas themselves are compelling. Despite its limp central character, *The Dean's December* is in the best sense a disturbing novel, disturbing because Bellow confronts the problem of the black underclass—refusing to blink at it, to make easy sense of it by invoking the "deep" explanations of psychology and sociology. Corde realizes that in order to see what life in the underclass is like you have to "recover the world that is buried under the debris of false description or nonexperience." He refuses, for example, to collaborate with an eminent scientist who explains the conduct of the underclass by the pervasiveness of lead poisoning in the slums. Following the train of Corde's thoughts, we sense that Bellow has thought deeply about a subject that is on the minds of most Americans—not bureaucracy, alienation, or the other fashionable subjects most American novelists wine and dine on, but crime. And in this novel he has grimly observed that if in the East the danger comes from above—from the

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Stalinist bureaucracy with its secret police and informers—in the West the danger comes from below, from an underclass out of control. But Bellow has not imagined the subject fully. One hopes he will return to the question again, for he—more than any other American novelist save, perhaps, Ralph Ellison—has the imagination, intelligence, and knowledge to write a novel that will make us *see* the question. □

THE ULTIMATE RESOURCE
Julian L. Simon / Princeton University Press / $14.50

Philip F. Lawler

During the past month, my baby son grew two inches. If he continued to grow at the same rate, I suddenly realized, he would be ten feet tall when he entered the first grade. Confronted with this frightening prospect, I saw only two possible alternatives. I could begin scouting around for grammar schools furnished with extra-large desks (and basketball teams). Or I could do some historical research into typical patterns of childhood growth. Since I am not a social scientist, I chose the latter option.

During the 1970s, however, social scientists preferred the first alternative, and thus created an unprecedented bull market in the doom-and-gloom industry. The public was treated to a bewildering succession of scenarios for disaster—overpopulation, famine, depletion of the ozone layer, shortages of key raw materials—all based on the assumption that the future would be exactly like the present, only more so. Each prediction was based on a simple, naive extrapolation of an existing trend. If oil prices rose last year, they would rise again next year. If my son grew two inches last month, he would sprout two more this month.

Ironically, such predictions have ignored two of the social scientist's most valuable analytical tools: the historical record and the laws of supply and demand. And as Julian Simon argues, anyone using these two tools would have realized that the doomsayers were talking nonsense. Take, for instance, the case of "vanishing" raw materials. Contrary to the popular myth, we will *never* exhaust our supply of vital materials. If supplies run short, prices will rise, impelling users to find substitutes or to do without. In the long run, as adequate substitutes are developed, consumers will have the option of choosing among competing alternatives. Since competition will eventually bring down prices, the net result will be an increase in the abundance of raw materials, with a concomitant decrease in their cost to the consumer.

Unfortunately, crises make better news than solutions. So when a new disaster is predicted, the popular media rush to publicize it, never wondering how soon it will be proved spurious. When the bubble is burst and sanity restored, the story is relegated to the bowels of the newspaper. When the Club of Rome issued its pessimistic *Limits to Growth* in 1972, popular coverage was intensive. But when the same group reversed its findings in 1976, virtually no one noticed. Consequently, when the *Global 2000* report* reiterated the discredited *Limits to Growth* analysis, few critics noticed the irony.

*The Ultimate Resource* is written as an antidote to these follies, and so Simon has aimed for a popular audience. His style is conversational, even combative. He challenges the reader continuously, in one case volunteering to bet a substantial sum of money against anyone who disagrees with his proposition that the price of mineral resources will decline over time. But the truly delightful aspect of the book is its persistent iconoclasm. Page after page, Simon punctures myths of scarcity and offers instead the counsels of optimism. Thus, he demonstrates that food should become more plentiful and less costly, pollution less severe, minerals more accessible.

The main force of Simon's argument, however, is directed at the

*Philip F. Lawler is managing editor of* Policy Review.

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question of population growth. Here too he refutes the doomsayers, showing how increases in population invariably lead to increases in productivity, thereby posting new gains in the quality of life. Of course, here too he confronts an overwhelming opposition from the media. As compelling as the statistical evidence may be in his favor, Simon admits, "it is the picture of the emaciated child that appears in the popular press and remains in people's minds."

The picture of an emaciated child has become a symbol of population growth in part because of the wrong-headed belief that the world's resources are fixed, that a larger population must be a poorer population. *The Ultimate Resource* repudiates this myth in a number of ways. There is the plain testimony of the historical record: Population growth seems to presage an increase, not a decrease, in the nation's quality of life. There is the evidence of economic analysis. When a nation grows in population, transportation systems improve; arid lands are reclaimed; labor is divided more efficiently. Finally, there is the evidence of capital accumulation. If capital is the tangible product of human work and human imagination, then each new person adds to the nation's stock of capital, enriching the lives of the succeeding generation proportionately.

But Simon sees other, more pernicious forces at work in the campaign against population growth. Given that the so-called population explosion is occurring most dramatically among nonwhite people, this campaign contains an implicit racist element. At times this becomes explicit, as when the Campaign to Check the Population Explosion runs an advertising campaign citing the violent crime that comes out of crowded ghettoes. Then, too, there is a striking element of contempt for humans of *every* race. Why, Simon wonders, do ecologists capitalize the *E* in Earth, but not the *P* in People? On a more serious issue, why does a former Rockefeller Foundation executive observe that "there is an alarming parallel between the growth of a cancer in the body of an organism and the growth of human population in the earth's ecological economy"?

No sentiment could be further from Simon's beliefs. In his view of the world's ecological economy, the "ultimate resource" is humanity—or, specifically, human imagination. Unlike other resources, human imagination is not a fixed quantity, and the costs of employing it do not increase with use. Quite the reverse: Each act of imagination opens the field for a whole new array of complementary innovations; imagination feeds on itself. The only possible way to stanch the flow of creativity is to pursue the ideology that Simon attacks—to nourish the belief that the earth's economy is a fixed system, and to stifle new impulses to raise our standards of living.

For most of human history, mankind did not substantially progress in economic terms. Any schematic depiction of the rise of civilization shows a long, flat curve, followed rather suddenly by the spectacular advances of the last several centuries. What secret of economic creativity has been unveiled in that recent period? Following Simon's lead, one might speculate that ancient tribesmen had no faith in their ability to create new vistas of wealth, and so they never made the effort. Once our forebears discovered the practical applications of imagination, they quickly turned that discovery into tangible capital.

With *The Ultimate Resource*, Julian Simon becomes the third member of a formidable triumvirate

# Where the Media Elite Stand

In the nation's shift from an industrial to an information society, a new elite has risen in the land. Its members work in the news media. They're the media's heavyweights, courted by politicians, studied by scholars, pampered by peers. Some of their bylines and TV images are familiar to millions.

They make up a new leadership group that "competes for influence alongside more traditional elites representing business, labor, government, and other sectors of society," asserts a major study performed under the auspices of Columbia University's Research Institute on International Change.

The research was directed by S. Robert Lichter of George Washington University and Stanley Rothman of Smith College. They have reported on their project in *Public Opinion* magazine, which says the findings raise "questions about journalism's qualifications as an 'objective' profession."

The study involved interviews with 240 journalists and broadcasters working for the most influential media outlets. These include the New York Times, Washington Post, Wall Street Journal, Time, Newsweek, U.S. News & World Report, CBS, NBC, ABC.

Where stand the media elite ideologically?

Some 54% of leading journalists count themselves as liberals. Only 19% describe themselves as right of center. Even greater differences show up when they rate their cohorts. Fifty-six percent say the people they work with are mostly on the left and only 8% on the right. Overwhelmingly, the media elite vote for Democratic candidates in presidential elections.

The big guns of the media come down on the liberal side of a wide range of social and political issues. They show special fondness for welfare capitalism. Some 68% believe the government should substantially reduce the income gap between rich and poor. Close to half feel the government should guarantee a job to anyone wanting one. Yet few are outright socialists. In fact, they stoutly spurn the notion that major corporations should be publicly owned. And they support a fundamental capitalist tenet that people with greater ability should earn more than those with less ability.

Despite acceptance of the economic order, many top journalists express general discontent with the social order. A substantial minority — 28% — favor overhauling the entire system through "a complete restructuring of its basic institutions." The same proportion take the view that *all* political systems are repressive because they concentrate power and authority in a few hands.

On international issues, a majority of the media elite believe U.S. economic exploitation has contributed to poverty in the Third World and that America's heavy use of natural resources is "immoral." By a three-to-one margin, they reject the view that Third World nations would be even worse off without the assistance they've received from the West.

In an information society, the upper-crust media practitioners are a telling force. "Cosmopolitan in their origins, liberal in their outlooks, they are aware and protective of their collective influence," Lichter and Rothman write. The group profiled by the study is "out of step with the public," *Public Opinion* opines.

At least now there's scholarly confirmation of the ideological and political tilt of many of the folks who declaim daily, in print and on the tube, on the shape of the world.

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that recently has forced popular attention to the role of faith in the economy. George Gilder, in *Wealth and Poverty*, and Pope John Paul II, in *Laborem Exercens*, each traced the roots of economic growth to their source in individual souls, to the individual's innate desire to create. If capitalism is successful, it is not because it takes advantage of man's selfish desires, but because it encourages his nobler instincts. An economic system predicated on selfishness can never go further than individual interests lead; it cannot accommodate the sacrifices men make for their families, or the risks entrepreneurs take for the sake of an innovative idea. A system based on no-growth assumptions can never enrich the world; at best, it can reshuffle the dwindling stock of inherited capital.

But a system based on faith is limited only by the scope of the human imagination. And that, the ultimate resource, is unlimited. Faith in the future inspires some men to make extraordinary new strides in development. It encourages others to have more children, safe in the knowledge that, doomsayers notwithstanding, "the earth's ecological economy" will supply the needs of the new generation. And faith in the future enables a few brave scholars to buck the popular trend with books like this. □

MARCO POLO, IF YOU CAN
William F. Buckley, Jr. / Doubleday / $13.95

Jeffrey Hart

The reader notices a number of interesting and impressive things in this fourth novel about the adventures of Blackford Oakes, the intrepid Yalie and CIA operative. First of all, the high spirits, the humor. There is indeed a sense in which all of the James Bond novels are jokes, rather good jokes. Books containing characters named Odd Job and Pussy Galore are certainly not solemn. But Ian Fleming was not funny in detail. And other major contributors to the literature of special agentry, such as Graham Greene and John le Carré, seem mostly to specialize in a cigarette-butt cold-coffee atmosphere of gloom and lassitude in which no jokes are told because, after all, it takes a certain amount of energy to laugh. Among its many other virtues, *Marco Polo, If You Can* is often very funny:

"Now," said Reynard, his voice audibly excited, "now—watch this."

The screen showed 63-65 Unter den Linden, from a discreet distance—"You cannot, my dear Sebastian, place a camera too close. It is, after all, the principal KGB office outside of Moscow."

"That's good news," Blackford said. "I thought it was in Washington."

It seems to me that there is an interesting point to be made about the presence of humor in this and other books by Buckley, both fiction and nonfiction. It was André Malraux, I think, who observed that the appearance of the smile in archaic culture reflected the birth of the human soul. He meant that the smile represented the taking up of a certain position of *distance* from the here and now, of being serious, yes, but never submitting to the golden calf of solemnity, because there is more to existence than this transitory world.

Another thing you admire about *Marco Polo, If You Can* is the tautness of both the prose and the narrative structure. These are not the sinuous, uncoiling sentences of Buckley's discursive prose, distinctive in its own way, but economical and fast-moving sentences that often possess both elegance and verbal inventiveness. The structure involves interlocking narratives woven together in short, tightly structured chapters, the various narratives finally converging in a surprising climax.

The story will remind readers of Francis Gary Powers, the U-2 pilot who was downed and captured by the Russians, and of Col. Rudolph Abel, the high-level Soviet spy who was arrested in Brooklyn. It involves a brilliant disinformation operation conducted against the Soviets, a product of the fertile brain of "Rufus," who may be modeled on James Angleton, featuring Oakes as a captured U-2 pilot. The narrative moves from the Oval Office to Soviet Central Asia, Berlin, and the Lubyanka prison.

One of the most successful characters in the book is none other than President Dwight D. Eisenhower. Buckley also brings in Allen Dulles, Dean Acheson, Nikita Khrushchev, and other historical characters very deftly. But his portrait of Eisenhower is central and freshly imagined.

People were misled as to Eisenhower—and politically led—by the famous friendly grin. As it happens, I had myself to do a great deal of work on Eisenhower in connection with a forthcoming book* and either Buckley knows the recent scholarship or he has correctly intuited the truth. Eisenhower was hard as nails, intelligent, completely unsentimental, a very dangerous opponent. At one point here he flashes the famous grin, and then snaps to his subordinates that this is the last time they are going to see the grin for a while. When he is angry, Eisenhower's voice is "ice-coated steel." His contempt for Nikita Khrushchev is total. In a key scene, the Soviet dictator gets drunk at Camp David, and Ike's account is both high comedy and fine portraiture:

Everyone knew the President was on no account to be interrupted.

He lapsed again into silence, looking down at his desk.

"Know what the son of a bitch told me last night? At *my* lodge? At *my* presidential retreat? Named after *my* grandson? Know what he said? He said—now, I quote him e-x-a-c-t-l-y. .

"He said, 'Ike, you should watch your language.' *Called me 'Ike'!*" The President's eyes very nearly popped out.

"I looked at the interpreter, I mean I looked at the son of a bitch and I said"—

*Jeffrey Hart teaches English at Dartmouth College.*

*When the Going Was Good: American Life in the Fifties*, Crown.


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the president's voice turned to ice-coated steel—"I said, *'What did you say?'*

"The fellow looked at Kroocheff, mumbled something, Kroocheff mumbled back—fellow couldn't look me in the face this time—but he said: 'The Chairman's words, sir, which he insists I translate directly, are: "Ike, you should watch your language."'"

The President resumed his agitated walk behind the table, his mind obviously reverting to the alternatives he had faced shortly before midnight the night before.

"I couldn't kick out the interpreter. That would have left me alone with that grinning son of a bitch with no way to talk to him. Oh, I thought of a few alternatives. The one that appealed to me most was to walk right up to him, eye to eye, then knee him one right in the crotch, then sit back and tell the interpreter to tell *'Nicky'* to watch *his* language."

All four of the Blackford Oakes novels possess the ingredients for successful movies—intrigue, violence, adventure, sex, exotic locales—and it seems to me inevitable that in due course Oakes will make it to the screen as an American James Bond.

Thematically, the book addresses itself to two large and serious matters, one general and one particular: the means-end relationship and the role of agencies such as the CIA.

On means-ends it takes what seems to me to be a common-sensical and obviously correct position. *Sayeth the Liberal*: The CIA does dirty tricks; the KGB does dirty tricks. What's the difference? The Soviets intervene in Poland and Afghanistan. We intervene in Chile and El Salvador. It's all the same. This book assumes, correctly, that no, there's an obvious difference: Our ends differ from theirs—relative freedom and political decency versus tyranny.

"The ends don't justify the means" is a very tricky cliché, slithering around on the various meanings of that word "justify." It is a cliche of utopian bearing, assuming a world in which all means must be and can be pure. In the real world, a considered decision has always to be made about means and ends: Are they in proportion? But if you will the end, you must also will the means—or else you are a dangerous fool (*viz.*, the Kennedy-Johnson policy in Vietnam).

*Marco Polo, If You Can* is also a kind of Valentine card to the CIA. Rufus's scheme is brilliant, it works like a good watch, and Blackford carries it out with great éclat. And, certainly, we need an effective organization of this kind. Without a covert capability, we are left with few options between passivity and sending in the 82nd Airborne Division.

But, is the CIA in fact this effective? Could be. I don't know. Perhaps we hear mostly about its fiascos. The Kennedy-CIA plots against Castro were not very impressive. They involved poisoned cigars, lethal wet-suits, exploding sea shells, and a beard depilatory, as well as some broken-down Mafiosi. When Eisenhower ordered Lumumba off the political stage, the CIA failed and the problem had to be solved by Mobutu's toughs. When an attempt was made to kill Sukarno of Indonesia, the late Wilmoore Kendall remarked that "the plot had all the earmarks of a CIA operation: Everyone died except Sukarno."

Still, the CIA did have successes in Guatemala and Iran and no doubt elsewhere. I myself would be happy if the Agency were always as successful as it is in this novel. □


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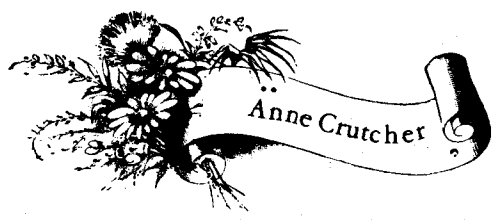
## THE ESSENTIAL EARTHMAN

Henry Mitchell / Indiana University Press / $12.50




It's as true amid the pink and green ardors of spring as among the blight and borers of less clement seasons: Henry Mitchell writes about gardening rather the way Herman Melville wrote about whales. He knows the concrete and technical lore of horticulture. And he is given to linking the homely details with intimations of the eternal.

There's nothing solemn or grandiose about it. He's never Tennyson brooding over the flower in the crannied wall. It's just that, while he is discussing mulch or aphids or the best climbing rose, suddenly, the reader's mind is on God and the waltzing stars.

This book is a collection of columns Mitchell has written as the *Washington Post*'s Earthman since he came to Washington from Memphis 12 years ago. They reflect his experience in the 40- by 100-foot suburban garden where he is both Le Nôtre and stoop labor. They shine as down-to-earth advice, as revelations of a rich, finely tuned sensibility, and as examples of how an artist can use the English language. They are the more appealing for Robert Borja's woodcuts of trees and flowers, stones and garden tools.

To start with the mundane, some of us need to be told primal truths about gardening. We need to be warned that too many trees will make everything else impossible, deflecting sunlight, using up the moisture in the soil, and crowding out hyacinths with their bulky roots.

Mitchell, a man who admits to having four forest-scale trees on his lot, is particularly vehement against ill-advised maples and hemlocks. He keeps going on about how, one of these days, he will cut down an early mistake and grow roses on the stump.

Such endearing self-deprecations make him the more effective as a practical counselor. It helps to know that he too is tempted to overcrowd limited territory with favorite irises when he knows perfectly well that space is to a garden what punctuations of silence are to music. It is comforting to realize that, like the rest of us, Henry Mitchell is so in love with May that he is forever in danger of neglecting the potentialities of other seasons.

Still, his greatest contribution to the well-being of lesser gardeners is philosophical and cosmic. Attacking the utopian illusion with which many of us first take up the trowel, he tells us to forget the idea that if we just do it right, we'll have a garden that looks like the seed catalog. By the time he is through debunking that one, it seems a contemptibly vulgar ambition anyway.

No. There has never been a year in which everything did well. "Any garden," he says, "if you see it at just the right moment, can be confused with paradise." But don't be fooled. Despair is readying an ambush. The natural state of any garden is disaster. "Magnificent gardens mean magnificent heartbreaks."

In his most eloquent passage, Mitchell asserts that it is not a green thumb but a spirit of defiance that separates the gardeners from the soulless tennis players and indoorsmen. What gardeners have to look forward to is not static success but the stern existential joy of "pitting hope against destiny again and again" so the unknowing can say, "You have favorable conditions here. Everything grows for you."

"Everything grows for everybody," Mitchell assures us, adding, "Everything dies for everybody, too."

Astringent though his wisdom may be, it is never sour. Warning his readers not to expect the impossible, Mitchell invites them to luxuriate in the magical. He is a matchless guide to small, subtle appreciations. He speaks of the "high delight" of examining a wild tulip bulb, or savoring shades of garnet and black-green in winter azalea leaves. For him, obviously, the texture of crape myrtle bark makes up for many a camellia bud bitten off by frost.

The refinement of his own perceptions can make him a little impatient with people more attuned to the obvious. The Peace rose, for example, he dismisses as designed to please "anybody who has longed to grow the largest turnip in the world." His aesthetic is too recherché for masses of red geraniums against white walls.

But a man capable of the Mitchell prose may be allowed his crotchets. Who else would describe opium poppy seed pods as "beautiful and ingenious little architectural follies"? From what other vocabulary would the blooming of portulaca emerge as "taffeta explosions"?

Besides, the Essential Earthman is indeed concerned with essences. Beyond the immediacies of beauty and disappointment in a gardener's relationship with nature, he guides us to contemplate the nature of things. □

*Anne Crutcher is a journalist based in Washington, D.C.*



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EDITORIAL

(continued from page 5)

alleged gunman, John Hinckley Jr., insists that he too is innocent. Presumably, were he a United States senator he would still have his seat. He has not even been convicted and sentenced. In fact, he has not even been tried!

In earlier times, of course, Senator Williams would have resigned like a gentleman. Simple respect for the authority of the United States Senate would have induced a man convicted and sentenced for felonious acts to depart. Today, however, there remains not much respect for authority, nor much authority.

Our institutions have been successfully drained of legitimacy by sophists and of efficacy by those judges who dream of perfect justice even as they free the most ferocious thugs. Why, really, should Senator Williams resign? He knows what every petty scamp and every arrant scoundrel knows, namely: If a convicted felon insists on his innocence stubbornly enough a growing number of softheads will come to believe and even admire him. In time enough new leaks might spring in the nation's system of justice to overturn the conviction leaving him scot-free and surrounded by those literary agents who merchant fat removal manuals and other such best-selling works of art. Then there might be appearances on talk shows and a profitable place on the campus lecture circuit. This steady accumulation of leaks is called judicial reform.

Why, indeed, would anyone in America today admit guilt for anything? The more overwhelming the evidence against the accused the more plausible his pleas of innocence will be to the multitudes of softheads who inhabit the elite provinces of our society. All that the accused must do is lie long and hard. "We hesitate to impute guilt to anyone," says Professor Walter Berns, author of *For Capital Punishment,* "because we are so uncertain of our right to do so."

What keeps Senator Williams's colleagues from expelling him? His presence obviously brings further disrepute to the Senate. It further delegitimates an important American institution. The explanation for the senators' hesitancy is provided by a wise Norwegian judge who viewed the present state of criminal procedure in the West and observed, "our grandfathers punished, and they did so with a clear conscience [and] we punish too, but we do it with a bad conscience." □

CAPITOL IDEAS

(continued from page 6)

As far as I know, this feature of the 1981 Tax Act—that it was not a real rate reduction at all but little more than an indexing of the rates (the formal indexing of the tax brackets does not begin until 1985)—has not yet been reported either by the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post.* Certainly I have seen no mention of the Philadelphia Fed articles in either paper. Instead both papers seem eager to continue creating the impression that an unconscionably large "tax cut" was enacted, threatening to drain the Treasury and expose us to massive deficits. (Notice that the misleading phrase "tax cuts" blurs the distinction between tax rates and revenues and in fact makes intelligent discussion of the whole topic of taxation almost impossible.)

I see in today's *Washington Post,* for example, a typically misleading story about the remarkable "federal income surtax" proposed by Sen. Howard Baker, new darling of the Washington war-dance set and the subject, in last week's *Washington Post,* of a "Strange New Respect" profile by Helen Dewar. ("The Charmer From Tennessee," reads the page-one headline.)

Today's story, again by Dewar, has the following: "Although Baker did not go into details, other sources said a temporary surtax of 5 percent or 10 percent is being 'discussed' among Senate Republicans. . . . The surtax would virtually wipe out the 10 percent tax cut that Congress has approved for this year, although technically it would leave the Reagan tax program in place."

You see what I mean? The lady doesn't understand that the "10 percent tax cut," as she calls it, is already being wiped out this year thanks to inflation. Thus the Baker surtax would be a tax rate increase, presumably raising the top rate to 55 percent. (It goes without saying that if such a surtax were to pass and remain unvetoed, Reagan's whole program would certainly be doomed. For Baker to propose it shows that over the past 18 months he has learned nothing about taxation, incentives, and marginal effects.)

Well, now you know something about fiscal policy. Really, it's quite simple. First of all think of your wallet, which may have a few dollars in it. Then think of people like Senator Baker, who spend their waking lives trying to think of innovative but legal ways of tweaking some of those dollars out of your wallet. Then imagine this money being "Doled" out to constituents (Dole's another one, you should know), who will vote for him on reelection day. Then think of reporters like Helen Dewar who will rush forth with page-one stories about the hitherto unsuspected compassion and (don't forget) "pragmatism" that animates such lawmakers, stories that are glowing and laudatory to the precise degree that such statesmen attempt to divert a larger proportion of the GNP into the headwaters of the Potomac, thence to the nation's capital.

Now I know I had meant to say something about monetary policy, which is good fun and games because it is so little understood and so controversial, but that will have to wait until class reconvenes . . . □


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# STUDENT JOURNALISM CONFERENCE

Fifteen years ago a college student with conservative inclinations had few spokesmen: the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, College Republicans, and a handful of other organizations. Instead of gentlemen and gentle ladies, the universities were breeding Mark Rudds and Bernardine Dohrns. They also bred Dr. Timothy Learys and Dr. Charles Reichs, and they actually paid such morons. As an observant college president noted, the most violent students were those in the liberal arts departments—and they were grabbing all the media attention.

Times have changed. If the phenomenal growth of conservative college publications is any clue, campus activists are turning increasingly conservative and finding new ways to publicize their efforts.

In tribute to this new breed of campus troublemaker, on January 16 the Institute for Educational Affairs and *The American Spectator* cosponsored a day-long conference in New York City attended by over 40 student journalists representing some fifteen campus newspapers. These students are the editors, writers, and managers of such publications as the University of Chicago's *Counterpoint*, Harvard's *Salient*, the *Yale Political Monthly*, the *Claremont Review*, Holy Cross College's *Hogan Foreign Review*, and, of course, the *Dartmouth Review*. Two years ago most of these papers did not even exist.

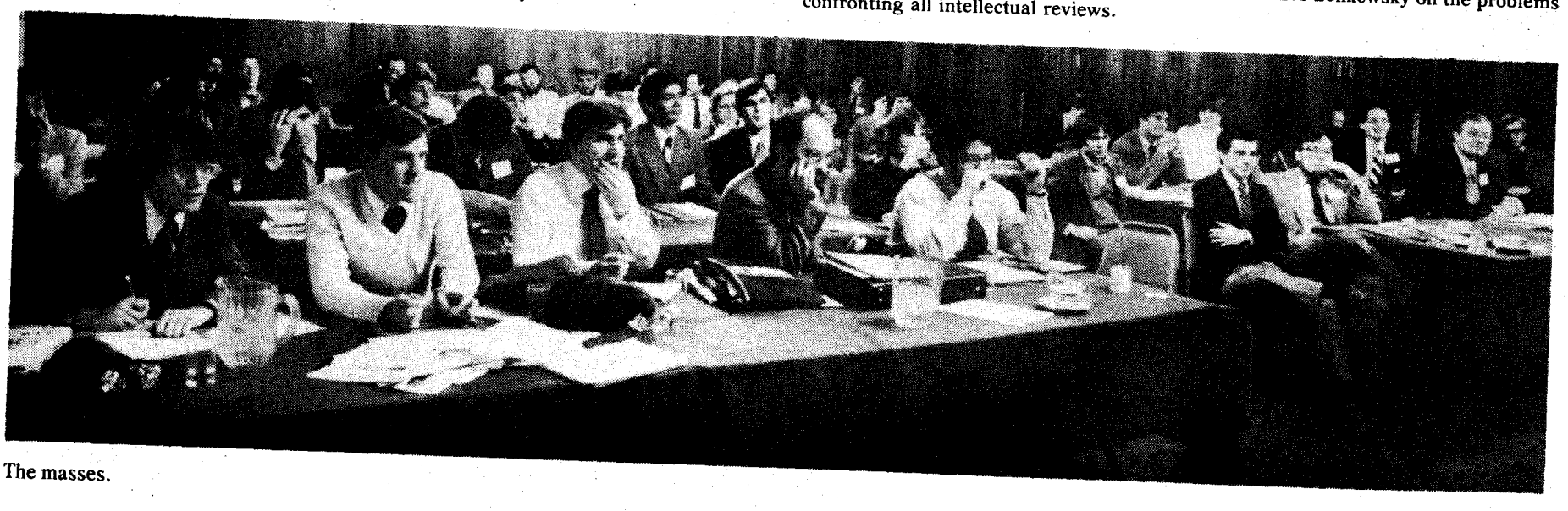
At the morning session students listened to presentations by the staff of *The American Spectator* on the problems of running a paper. Publisher Ronald Burr talked about financing these ventures, assistant publisher Susan France discussed advertising, and New York editor Whit Stillman spoke on public relations and distribution. Managing editor Wladyslaw Pleszczynski outlined editorial objectives and responsibilities, Cambridge editor Andy Stark discussed the journalistic "think" piece, and assistant managing editor William McGurn offered some hints about line editing and proofreading. Finally, production manager Jan Sharkey made suggestions about layout and design, and New York artist Elliott Banfield illuminated the role of art in a magazine.

The luncheon program was highlighted by an address delivered by editor-in-chief R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., who reminisced about the early years of *The American Spectator* after its founding at Indiana University in 1967 when student agitation was coming to a boil. Touching on the more puckish side of the conservative youth movement, Tyrrell warned the students "not to forget to have a little fun at some fraud's expense." The Fourth Estate also came in for some abuse. "Those of you who are refugees from your various departments of journalism are especially fortunate to be here," he said, "because we are teaching you here in one day what it takes them four years to do, and they do it badly."

The afternoon session featured writers, editors, and officers from major publications and institutions who covered career opportunities in journalism and journalistic writing, and fielded questions from the audience. The speakers included Adam Meyerson, editorial writer for the *Wall Street Journal*, and Erich Eichman, associate editor at *Harper's*

Bethell's junta. From left to right: Phil Marcus, Roger Kaplan, Erich Eichman, Tom Bethell, Adam Meyerson, Bill Kristol, Les Lenkowsky.

Eric Goldstein of *Penthouse* consults Ronald Burr and Les Lenkowsky on the problems confronting all intellectual reviews.



The masses.



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Irving Kristol, smitten by the public interest.

(both former *American Spectator* staff members); New York writers Roger Kaplan and Les Lenkowsky; Tom Bethell of the American Enterprise Institute and Washington editor of *The American Spectator*; and William Kristol, assistant professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania.

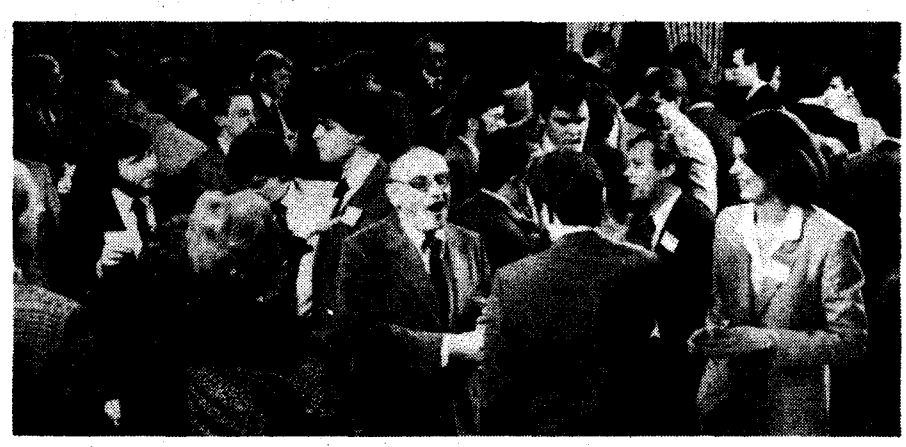
The entire program was guided fluently by moderator Phil Marcus, executive director of the Institute for Educational Affairs.

The day was capped by a cocktail hour at which students met with a number of additional luminaries from the world of journalism, including William Rusher, Joseph Sobran, Ernest van den Haag, Roger Starr, Michael Joyce, Irving Kristol, Gertrude Himmelfarb, Seth Lipsky, Arch Puddington, and many of *The American Spectator*'s younger New York-based contributors. Steve Tesich, the Oscar-winning screenwriter, also stopped by once his agent had scrounged up a tie for him.

Student response to the conference has been gratifying: "It was very well organized, informative, and terribly thought-provoking . . . a great success," "an extremely enlightening and enjoyable experience," "an enjoyable learning experience," "a fine conference," "a smashing success," "hope you will make it an annual event and more booze next time"—we hope so, too. □

William Rusher and R. Emmett Tyrrell schmooze.

Tyrrell with the angry young men.



Conviviality surrounds Ernest van den Haag, glass in hand.

Left to right: Jan Van Eck, Williams College; John McGovern, Harvard; Michael Froomkin, Yale; William Cattan, Dartmouth; Susan France; John Keating, Brown; Daniel Kelley, Holy Cross College; Chris Flannery, Public Research Syndicated; Michael Karnvas, Cleveland Marshall.

Jan Sharkey—study of a production manager at ease.

Dessert. From left to right: Andy Stark, Wladyslaw Pleszczynski, Roger Brooks (Princeton) and Joe Frazer (University of Louisville).

Photos by Jan Lukas



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# CURRENT WISDOM

### The Soho News

In a historic interview, Professor Norman Mailer unveils a novel theory of justice, namely: crime without punishment so long as the criminal can prove that his butcherings have profited him not:

It started politely enough, with Mailer observing that "Abbott is a very complex man with great gifts," but that "paranoia is a very unhealthy stimulation for a writer." The writers in the room seemed skeptical. "It's too easy," Mailer continued, warming up, "for people to say they ought to put this guy in jail and throw away the key. Jack Abbott didn't benefit from this. The only people who have gotten anything out of this whole tragic mess are the ones who are calling for more law and order, and more law and order means moving this country toward a fascist state."

[*January 26, 1982*]

### The Cornell Daily Sun

Prof. Susan Buck-Morse displays the quality of lucubration now transforming Cornell University's government department into a kind of Florence:

Historically, the medical profession has defined women's sexuality and reproduction in a way that puts them under the control of a male-dominated gynecological profession, alienating them from rights over their own bodies (see John Ehrenreich, ed., *The Cultural Crisis of Modern Medicine*). Even *with* the right to legal abortion (now threatened by the Anti-Abortion Bill), this situation has not been remedied: by New York State law, a woman cannot have her diaphragm renewed should she lose it, or should it develop a hole, without *first* seeing a doctor (even if that means waiting a month for an appointment)—yet condoms (which work by the same contraceptive principle) are sold at every corner drug store.

[*November 17, 1981*]

### St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Large and luscious fruits of progress offered by Professor Jack McIver Weatherford, anthropologist:

Anthropologist Jack McIver Weatherford, who has studied Swahilis in Kenya, a Bavarian village called Kahl and a California village called La Jolla, has put the United States Congress under his microscope. After much study, he believes he has found the problem with Congress: It's full of men. . . .

Congress has 515 men and 20 women.

"All the ritual is about to choke Congress to death," he said.

"There's a whole list of things that can be done to reform Congress. But the easiest, simplest way is, if enough women were elected to Congress, they would cut all the ritual.

"A perfect example of needless, pointless ceremony is the signing of a bill. The president, with each stroke of his signature, uses a different pen to hand out to congressmen as souvenirs. A simple three-second act has been extended to an hourlong ceremony."

Then there is the name taboo on the floor of Congress. A member must say "the gentleman from Virginia" instead of another member's name, and a member must ask for and be granted permission to extend his remarks, even if he wants only two more minutes. Weatherford believes all this ceremonial posturing may be fine at a Moose Lodge meeting, but gets in the way of governing.

"It's getting harder and harder to get any work done," he said.

[*December 11, 1981*]

### Ms.

An anonymous correspondent reports another happy ending to the readers of the journal of happy endings, *Ms.*:

The letters in your September issue about street hassling were so interesting that I searched out your original articles at my library and read them. The description of the problem was good but the authors missed the real reason men harass women.

Even as a child I knew that making comments and wisecracking at women on the street was wrong and sexist. But I did it anyway when I was with groups of other adolescent boys because I somehow felt I had to. I felt pressured to demonstrate sexual interest and prove my heterosexuality. Somewhere along the line, I recognized that the implicit assumption in all that stuff is: if you show us a slender thigh or reveal a bit of breast, not only do we salivate, we jump through hoops and instantly abandon our brains.

I resent that idea. I resent the notion that I can be manipulated that easily.

So now when I'm with other men and the commenting starts—"Will you look at the legs on that one!"—I try to respond with some version of "So what?" that will be heavier than a ton of bricks. It may be encouraging to your readers to know that most of the time this puts a stop to any further escalations of the commenting, either within the group or to the women. Everyone just goes back to doing what he was doing, and the moment passes.

(name withheld)

[*January 1982*]

### Miscellany

From the winter 1982 bulletin of classes at the East Bay Socialist School in progressive Oakland, California, news of some stupendous intellectual opportunities thanks to the gifted Nikki Doryland:

MAKING THE CONNECTIONS BETWEEN SOCIALISM AND FEMINISM
*Nikki Doryland*
*Thursday, 7:30-9:30 p.m., beginning January 28*
Why is the connection between an imbalance of power based on gender, and the agony this causes in all of us, female and male, so specifically obscured? This class will examine how feminism and socialism both explicitly analyze connections, divisions and who benefits. Both "isms" start out as theories. Understanding the connections, in our heads and in our guts, is using theory as a tool we can control to analyze ourselves and our oppressions (and those we may help perpetuate) whether these oppressions are on our jobs or in bed. Among other things, we will read the Combahee River Collective Statement and *Pink Collar Workers*.
Nikki Doryland is a non-aligned dyke and commie who majors in Women's Studies at San Francisco State and works in a hospital.

[*Winter 1982*]

### The New York Times Book Review

Midway through a review of the life of Leonardo da Vinci, Dr. Prof. James Beck makes one of those stimulating risible judgments that render scholarship in the Post-Freudian Age such a gas:

Certain themes, often set in the form of prophecies, fables, or riddles, crop up regularly in his writings, including that of being unappreciated. Characteristic is the following example: "Those who do the best will be struck the most, and their children will be taken away, stripped, and their bones will be crushed and broken." Although this is written in reference to walnut trees, an autobiographical connection may be assumed.

[*January 10, 1982*]

### Vegetarian Times

How do the famed Adonises of Bulgaria and Hunzaland do it? Professor Doktor Steve Schecter, N.D. proffers inside information to the bony readers of a revolutionary organ:

After celebrating Thanksgiving, Christmas, Chanukah and New Year's, you've probably succeeded in eating and drinking more than you are used to. What better way to bring in the New Year than by going on a short, appropriate winter fast.

Many close-to-nature cultures, such as the Hunzas, Bulgarians, Southern Russians, American Indians, etc. frequently employed short fasts—either for health reasons or when their food reserves ran out. These cultures have had the best record for longevity.

A winter fast gives the body a restful break from the dense, concentrated and sometimes questionable party foods. It allows the entire digestive system, and all the other body cells, a chance to break up and eliminate the viscous-like mucous material and toxic wastes. It lets our total mind, body and spirit rejuvenate at the beginning of a new year.

[*Issue # 53*]

### Vegetarian Times

The winsome and complicated Patti Davis—daughter of our President—is interviewed by *Vegetarian Times*, the journal of America's Hungry Young Men:

*Vegetarian Times: Patti, my first hunch is that saying, "Good Morning," to the California sun and the Pacific Ocean must be an energizing way of starting the day. How does it begin for you?*

*Patti Davis:* I've always been kind of an early-morning person, so I do wake up six-thirty or seven o'clock. I'll exercise—sometimes go down to the beach in the morning or, at some point in the day, go to Jane Fonda's "Workout." If I don't have something set to do, I work on my writing. I've been playing an electric guitar and trying to write a lot, right now, musically.

*VT: Do you have any kind of nutritional regimen that follows?*

*PD:* I'm real aware of what I eat during the day. I always eat something in the morning—definitely fruit and maybe a little bit of yogurt. I might make a smoothie and take it with brewer's yeast, and my vitamins. Lunch isn't really important to me, so I might just have an apple in the middle of the day . . . I'm just trying to be in touch with what I think my body needs—I can feel if I need protein or whatever.

[*Issue #53*]

### The Sunday Rutland Herald

From the society page of the toney *Sunday Rutland Herald* of Rutland, Vermont, news of holy wedlock amongst the neoterics:

Marilyn Jean Nasuta of Plainfield and Avram Isaac Patt of Plainfield were married at sunset Nov. 25 on the bank of the Winooski River here. The bridegroom, as justice of the peace, performed the ceremony.

The bride is daughter of Mrs. Nellie (George) Hepp of Windsor Locks, Conn., and the bridegroom is son of Mrs. Brucha Patt of 3965 Sedgwick Ave., Bronx, N.Y.

Rosemary Open Eyes Leach, the bride's daughter, was maid of honor and played piano.

The couple will delay their honeymoon until the last week of December, when they will go to Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

They are at home on High Street here.

The bride will retain her maiden name. A graduate of Windsor Locks High School and of Goddard College, she is employed by the Savoy Theater in Montpelier.

Her husband graduated from Bronx High School of Science, attended Columbia College in New York City and graduated from Goddard College. He is director of the Barking Rooster Theater Inc., and co-director of the Central Vermont Transportation Association.

[*December 6, 1981*]

### New York Daily News

Someone by the name of Lars-Erik Nelson spots racism at its most arcane:

Let us acknowledge, at this point, some Northern white liberal hypocrisy. The federal government already subsidizes segregated schooling for millions of white, middle-class Northern schoolchildren. It does so through the Internal Revenue code, which allows their parents to deduct from income the interest payments on mortgages for overpriced homes in districts with "good"—meaning, in real estate salesmen's code, mostly white—schools.

[*January 21, 1982*]



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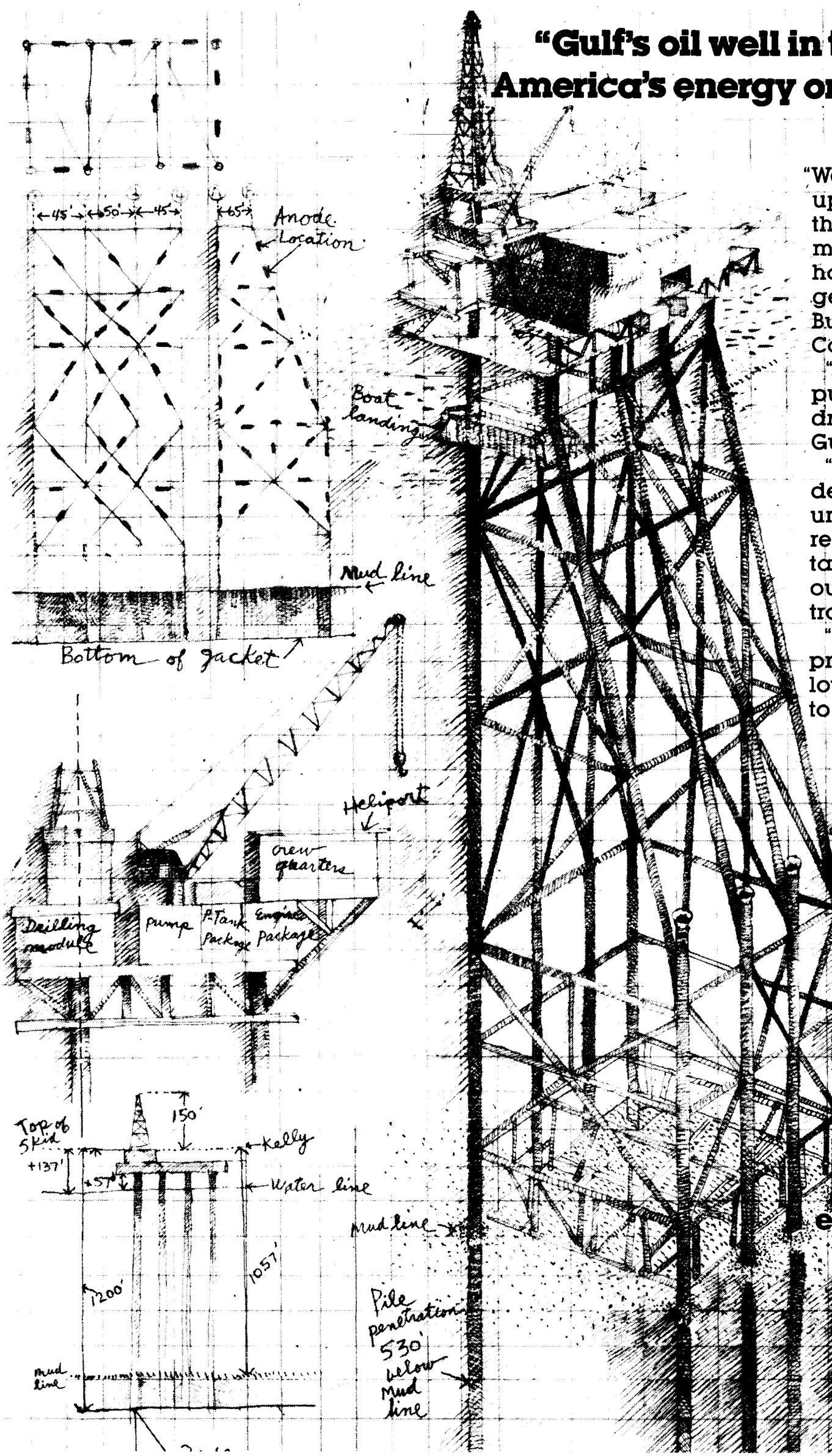


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